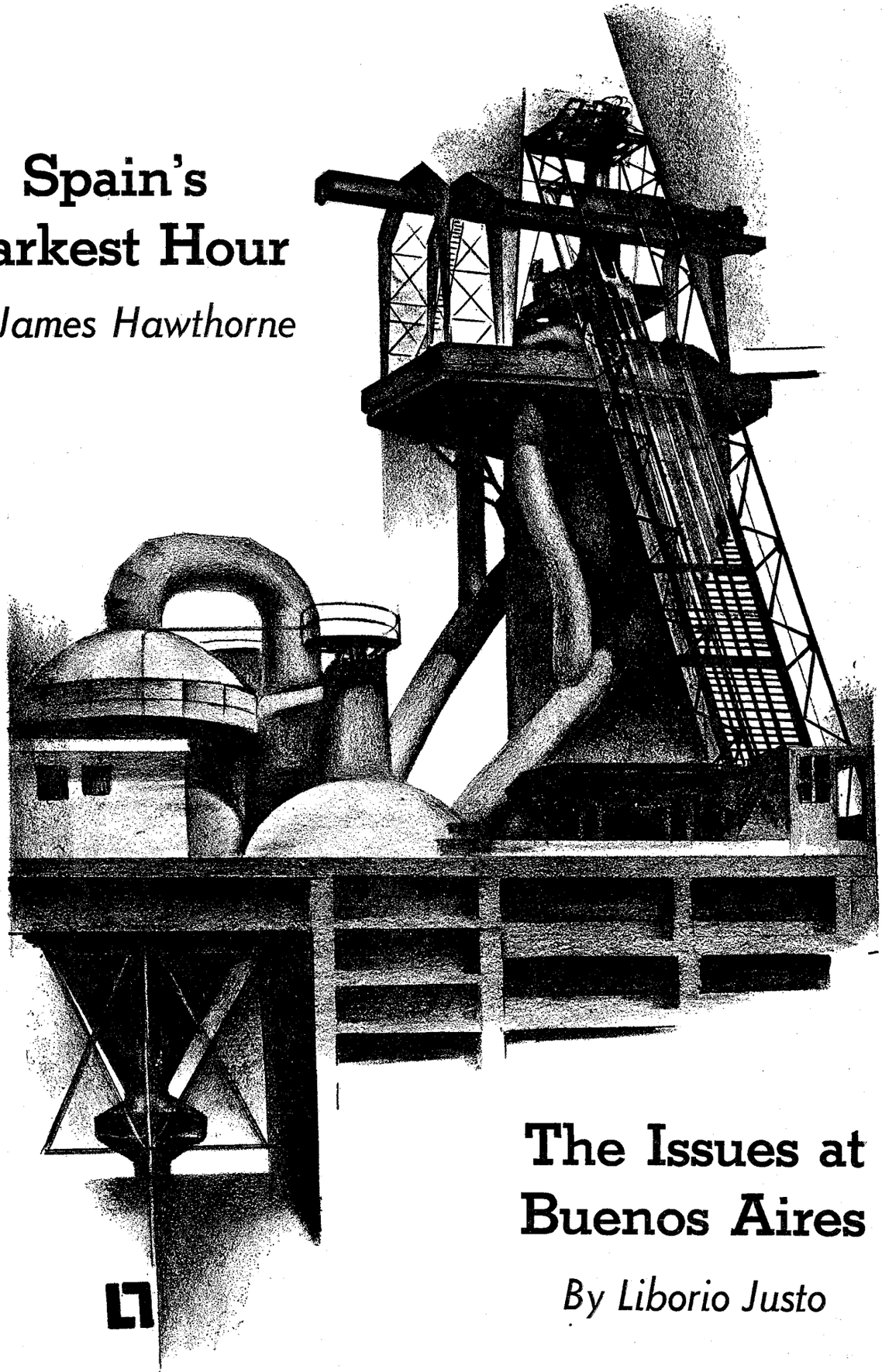
NEW MASSES

DECEMBER 1, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Spain's Darkest Hour

By James Hawthorne



The Issues at Buenos Aires

By Liborio Justo

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

HELL is popping on the federal art projects, which include not only the fine arts projects, apparently the most seriously threatened at the moment, but such enterprises as the theater project and the writer's project as well. In fact, things have reached such a pass that we may be seeing picketing at the Capitol. The administration of the fine

arts project covered itself with confusion this week when, after arranging a public meeting at which public figures were invited to express their belief that the art project was a fine thing and should be maintained and expanded, it called the meeting off. Reason: curtailment of the project, if not its liquidation, was contemplated. It would have been just too bad to tell the public how much good the project was doing and then have to follow up with layoffs. The artists on the project, however, carried through with what the administration started. They had their own meeting at which the story of the social utility of the work was combined with an appeal for public sentiment to rally to the support of the artists.

Coming so soon after the elections, when the American people went on record so categorically in giving a mandate to the New Deal administration to continue those worth-while things it has done, the threatened curtailment of the projects appears to the project workers as a sign of further capitulation by the administration to those forces of the Right who want to balance the budget at the expense of the masses of the people. To many of them it also appears as further evidence of the folly of relying upon a capitalist party to protect or further the interests of the people and of the soundness of the Communist Party's declaration that an independent political coalition to the Left of the administration, and on a class basis, is the need of the hour.

Some unofficial spokesmen for the administration's present policy of liquidating the projects (strangely coincident with the renewed clamor of chambers of commerce and such organizations that continuation of the projects will mean a shortage of labor for business in its new lease on life) declare that the project workers need not get excited: the layoff policy is being initiated in New York, where the solid organization of the project workers will result in such an outcry that the administration can turn around and say to the gentlemen of the Right, "You see, it cannot be done without endangering public order. Therefore the projects must remain." The project workers have heard such fancy reasoning before, and they are not amused. Rather than take this line of argument as a reason for not becoming excited, they will take it as evidence (1) that an outcry of unprecedented proportions is necessary and (2) that the administration is resorting to its old tactic of attempting curtailment in New York because, they think, if it is successful there, where the workers are so well organized, it will be a pipe to carry it through in other sections of the country. Pressure of the sharpest sort should be brought to bear on Harry Hopkins and on newly elected congressmen and senators to prevent the carrying through of the layoff drive. And as for a labor shortage threatening, the NEW MASSES will give honorable mention in its twenty-fifth anniversary number (Dec. 15) to the first employer who can prove that he offered a job at decent wages to a project worker and was turned down.

Who's Who

LIBORIO JUSTO, who contributes the article on the Inter-American Conference this week, besides being the son of Argentina's president, was the first student to win a scholarship in the United States under the auspices of the Argentine-American Cultural Institute. He spoke in the summer of 1930 at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, Mass., and later worked as a "Red builder" here, selling the *Daily Worker* on the street corners of New York. Last summer he was arrested in Brazil and deported to Argentina for working-class activity.

The mass chant by Paul Peters and George Sklar in this issue, and the article by Rebecca Pitts, are part of the overflow of good material originally written for our big December 15 twenty-fifth anniversary issue.

R. D. Darrell is the compiler of the recently published *Encyclopedia of Phonograph Music* which has received such favorable notice. He is on the staff of the Gramophone Shop in New York, and will cover concert music in our pages. Henry Johnson will continue to review all phonograph recordings and the popular-music field.

Theodore Gilien's *Sing No Elegy* on page 23 is an oil-on-gesso mural eight feet square.

Samuel Putnam is a poet and critic who has frequently contributed to our pages.

Robert Gessner is the author of a new book treating of anti-Semitism, called *Some of My Best Friends Are Jews.*

Michael Quin has for years been active in the American labor movement.

Not every artist can wield a typewriter in adition to his brush or crayon. Artist Gardner Rea in the current issue proves a notable exception to the rule.

M. A. Oathout is a deep-water sailor who speaks from personal experience of the incident he describes in "Strike Call at Sea."

What's What

THE publication of the selected works of Pushkin, reviewed in this issue, is part of a nation-wide celebration which is, in turn, part of an international celebration of the centenary of Pushkin's death.

The annual wow affair of the people's New York social season is the NEW MASSES ball, this year at Webster Hall on December 4. A special flavor will be given to the costumes this year by virtue of the fact that it will be part of the celebration of our twenty-fifth anniversary, which is expected to bring forth some getups of the Turkey Trot and Bunny Hug vintage.

Editor M. R. Bendiner will speak at the next open meeting of the Friends of NEW MASSES on "The Election and the Next Four Years" at Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57th St., Room 717, at 8:30 p. m. Wednesday, Dec. 2. All persons interested in the magazine and its ideas are welcome to attend without charge.

More notables have announced their intention of appearing on the platform to give us greeting at the NEW MASSES Twenty-fifth Anniversary Celebration scheduled for December 13 in New York's Mecca Temple. They are: John L. Spivak, James W. Ford, James Wechsler, editor of the *Student Advocate*, official organ of the American Student Union, and Mordecai Baumann, who will sing Mike Gold's "Strange Funeral."

Editor Joseph Freeman will speak on "An American Testament" under the auspices of the Philadelphia People's Forum at 311 South Juniper St., Sunday evening, Nov. 29.

Flashbacks

THE level of tactics used in the perennial Trotskyite filibuster reached a new low two years ago on Dec. 1, when one Nicholayev murdered Sergei M. Kirov, Soviet leader and member of the Political Bureau of the Communist Party. Defeat at a series of party meetings (one of the more important of which fell near the end of November 1926), and dwindling mass support, led the soreheads logically from their old wire-pulling to their now familiar trigger-pulling. . . . Mother Jones, long the United Mine Workers' ace agitator, died Nov. 30, 1930, after stating in the last of her hundred years, "I don't know much about Communism, but the capitalists are still a bunch of high-class burglars, and I'm for anything that will fight them. Labor leaders ought to raise more hell!" . . . A day or two after his twenty-seventh birthday (Nov. 28, 1847) Friedrich Engels and his twenty-nine year old friend, Karl Marx, received from the Communist League the most important pamphlet-writing assignment in history. It was to prepare the *Communist Manifesto.*

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
DECEMBER 1, 1936

Workers Armed

Painting by Raphael Soyer

Spain's Darkest Hour

Our correspondent reports on the political and military situation of Madrid's defenders as the fascist onslaught reaches a crescendo

By James Hawthorne

THE desperate fascist onslaught against Madrid, with its accompanying slaughter of hundreds of non-combatants by bombs and shellfire, brought to a critical pass the civil war in Spain. This was not only because in it the butchery of the Spanish people reached its most appalling pitch, but because the possible fall of the capital, with the probable consequent recognition of the insurrectos by Rome and Berlin [now an accomplished fact—EDS.] would be a powerful stimulus to the fomenters of war and would make full backing of the rebel cause a better gamble for Hitler and Mussolini. In the face of this situation, and to put effective brakes on the fascist attack on the metropolis, unified mobilization of the whole fighting force became urgently necessary

Mobilization of a whole people is not something that can be effected by a simple order. It entails an entire evolution begun in July, tremendously advanced in the past two weeks, but by no means completed. There remain vestiges of each stage of that evolution. We might describe the first stage as one of supreme confidence that the popular militia would pursue one uninterrupted offensive. A vestige of that stage has been the attitude of many militia groups toward fortifying each new position temporarily occupied. "What's the use?" they reason. "We will advance again tomorrow." As a single battle may entail reverses and successes before its final result is known, the lack of defenses on the following day brings a new defeat.

Then there is the second stage, dating from the period of stalemate, when the Portuguese arms traffic enabled the rebels to block the ill-equipped militia advances. At that time a campaign in the foreign press pictured government cities as starved and terrorized. Accordingly it was judged necessary to emphasize the normal aspect of life in the urban centers —theaters, sidewalk cafés, amusements, gaiety, all-star performances for the benefit of the war hospitals. Vestige: yesterday a benefit bullfight in Valencia!

The third stage was the recognition of military rawness of the militias, and of the need of a military plan. The war had cha one of position in which guerrilla would not suffice. But there must be turn to the ancient "barrack disciplin this stage, fear of a subtle infiltration tarism was greater than fear of military by the fascists. Confidence in the invin of the militias romantically replaced c sense. A military plan to establish a perfectly fortified line of defense from arrama almost due south or, for visua venience, from Guadarrama to Toledc pigeonholed and a 250-mile defense lin maintained even when it had been brok the capture of Talavera. Vestiges o stage: no later than this week, com meetings were held at the front in some to approve or disapprove orders received

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William Gropper

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the military command. This week, construction workers who should have been acting as foremen and straw bosses on the fortifications, had not been mobilized by the National Confederation of Labor for the task of making Madrid materially impregnable. Each of the examples I have cited has been treated since, but it remains for the future to rapidly eliminate other vestiges, to sort the fit from the unfit, and to procure the sacrifices from every individual and group that can alone produce a wisely directed unity of effort.

In a broad political sense, actual unity of command through a single general staff, a single commander-in-chief, with all militias responding to central commands, can scarcely be obtained at this moment. The maximum sought, and necessary, for the immediate defense of Madrid, is a close coöperation between the already integrated forces and those that have maintained reservations with respect to the government's centralization program. Territorially, this division centers around Catalonia and the Aragon fronts chiefly soldiered by militias of the Catalan area. Politically, it is the National Confederation of Labor that remains suspicious of its conquered "liberties." As the confederation (and the Iberian Anarchist Federation) have the bulk of their forces in Cataluña, there is no confusion between the political and territorial aspects of the unity problem.

Marked steps toward solving the problem in both aspects—within the limitations above indicated—have been taken this week. Agreement with the government on the tone of a program permitted the Aragon representatives to form a regional council of defense pending an opportunity to procure statutory autonomy along the lines of Catalonia, Galicia, and the Basque provinces. Politically, an agreement in principle has almost certainly been reached with the confederation for its participation in the cabinet. Both understandings contribute to one end: the close coöperation of the Aragon (and other) general staffs with the superior central command. As before stated, actual submission to Madrid in literal practice is not the immediate prospect. What is desired is that forces in Aragon, Asturias, and elsewhere, initiate attacks on command from the Center, thus facilitating operations in the Center by diverting rebel forces.

THOSE who persist in ignoring the special nature of a war between a people and a faction—the type of war in Spain despite the utilization of mercenaries and the "loan" of modern war equipment to the rebels—manifest great impatience with a leadership that "indulges in politics" with a serious military situation on its hands. What these people ignore is, in effect, the necessary steps toward bringing into play the chief advantages enjoyed by the people in such a contest. The solution of a number of political problems was a necessary preliminary, for example, to national mobilization. National mobilization brings to bear the advantage of numbers, of reserves, held by the legitimate government. It was but a matter of days that conscription and mobilization measures were passed by the government and the Catalan Generality. And only last night the Catalan councillor of defense gave the signal for all forces to center their strength on the defense of Madrid: "In the immense spaces of the central plateau we must fight and win. On, then, to Castile; we are going to defend Madrid which is more important today than the defense of Catalonia. The enemy has been fighting desperately for three months; for exactly three months we have been resting. . . ." But mobilization alone would have left in the air the question of arms for empty hands. There was a double political puzzle, international and internal. Internally it meant a violent readjustment of the whole national economy, a creation of war industries under the most difficult conditions. If the new men of Spain have to a great extent solved both the problem of arms and that of men, who can still sneer at their efforts? Lenin once warned the timid that the art of governing cannot be learned from books; make mistakes and correct them. The People's Front government has corrected mistakes with considerable rapidity.

Dan Rico

Watching closely the actual process of development from this side, while observing the rebel movements through a glass darkly, one can readily get the impression of confusion and chaos on the one side, and on the other, clockwork precision. That, in fact, is just what the London *Times* manages to see, although for its purpose, it is forced to accept all the most fantastic stories from the Lisbon newsmill. But it is worthwhile looking a little closer at the rebel picture.

A rebel offer to treat with the legitimate government by itself destroys the illusion of a powerful, winning attack. It substantiates the impression that the attack on Madrid is desperately pursued precisely because of rebel weakness. Affairs are going badly for them in Aragon and Asturias. In general, the immense reserves of the People's Army are coming into play armed with modern weapons. In the rebel camp, reserves are hypothetical. They have but one recourse: to use their powerfully armed shock troops backed by everything they can obtain in the way of manpower, in a desperate attempt to capture Madrid. Their insistence upon haste is not casual; with weaker forces they can hope to win only by utilizing the time factor.

Anthony Eden has done his best to explain that the superiority of the military-fascists in the second and third months of the war was due to their having, in addition to all the war materials owned by the Spanish government, a monopoly of military technicians. Such a theory, plausible at first glance, makes it difficult to understand why the "Nationalists" have scarcely a Spaniard to show for their German-Italian air fleet; why fifty Italian artillerymen accompanied a single shipment of fifteen cannon and munitions; why the Italian tanks are entirely manned by Italian army operators; why Nazi militarists are in virtual command of important operations and fortresses such as La Coruña. The truth is plain to everyone except Eden and Lord Plymouth: that the Spanish military caste produced an officers' corps of the same medieval vintage as the political system of which it was a part; that international fascist war materials manipulated by international fascist militarists, have been the backbone of the rebel drive.

What is clear even to us is patent to the rank-and-file soldiers, the conscripted Galician peasant, in the rebel ranks. Deceived at first, he quickly accumulated doubts. He saw an utter absence of workers in his column; he witnessed mass executions and discovered that being a trade-union functionary was a capital offense; he noted the abundance of clerics and other supporters of his former landlord in rebel cities; and if there remained any doubt in his mind, Franco quickly dispelled it by prominently displaying the monarchist flag. The Moors and the Legionnaires, the Blackshirts and the Brownshirts began to prey on his mind. At the front he had ample opportunity to learn that he was fighting against workers and peasants. Sometimes at night he heard a loudspeaker from the loyal parapets. The government had expropriated all the fascists and deserters; their lands had been given to the peasants; the ten pesetas a day to the militiamen had alone tremendously improved the workers' living conditions; the militiamen welcomed him into their ranks.

Desertions increased. Already they run into four figures on the Aragon front alone. Every deserter—we might better call them escaped soldiers—who comes through the double risk of fire from his officers and fire from the militia outposts, comes to fight for the government. Always they tell of little groups that have cautiously discussed plans for escape despite the terror that prevails in their camps. Often, they are followed by other little bands who, finding they have made good their escape, take heart to run the gauntlet.

Even among the Moorish mercenaries uneasiness increases. Eluding the vigilance of the militarists, news comes from Morocco of risings, of brutal assaults on families come to demand news of their deceived husbands, sons, brothers. Over the propaganda speaker from the trench opposite them, they suddenly hear a Berber voice telling them the truth about Franco. They hear with emotion the news that the "Reds" have demanded that three Moorish prisoners be released and permitted to join the Moorish anti-fascist battalion.

Largo Caballero's proclamation [NEW MASSES, Nov. 10] urging the people's sol-

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diers to respect the lives of prisoners in order that deceived Spaniards may know on which side to seek justice and humanity, finds its way through the barrage of atrocity propaganda laid down before them. In short, not only are the rebels faced with an insoluble problem of reserves, but they are bound to devote themselves to the creation of a system of terror and espionage to keep their present ranks intact.

Such a condition, resulting in desperate efforts to win quick victories and profit from surprise attacks, cannot fail to find a military expression. It is represented by the sacrifice of security to mobility. It may be stated with all confidence that the military position of the attacking force has always been an insecure one. Franco has gambled on the poor mo-lity of the people's army. Yet always there as the extreme danger, for the reckless ers, of disastrous assaults on their flank ear. Only a relatively small part of the 's immense reserves, quietly prepared, to the teeth, better trained than any militias now at the front, could expose ebel forces in the central sector to the r of complete annihilation. As the at-rs approach Madrid the danger increases, r than decreases. A firm resistance, even e gates, even in the streets of Madrid, t afford the counter-attacking troops their rtunity. The rebels, of course, are aware is danger. Thus far they have gambled ssfully because, in fact, the loyal forces little mobility. There can be no doubt in this respect the latter have improved edly. Neither is there any question that rves have been accumulated, arms assem-, and the army command improved by injection of new vigorous elements of undoubted sympathy for the people. Yet such is the fundamental unsoundness of the rebel situation, that they have no choice but to risk all in increasing the tempo of the drive on Madrid.

Herb Kruckman

"Chowderhead says that turkey talk of Green's was Thanksgiving to us finks."

Thus it is not risky to declare that the military outcome of the operations in the central sector will be decisive. Forces moved by the rebels to the Madrid attack in the past three days have, necessarily, been taken from other fronts. Delay in obtaining their goal means increased probability of the fall of Oviedo, Huesca, Teruel; danger of severed communications with Saragossa; the release of several thousand of the hardiest government fighters for the relief of the capital, either directly or by attacking rebel communications. There are perhaps 15,000 tough Asturians and Basques at Oviedo and the relative fronts; there are some 50,000 loyalists in Aragon.

It would be folly to underestimate the danger to Madrid. Madness is sometimes a valuable aid to genius, in military matters as in literature. The rebel attack is desperate, but desperation does not defeat itself. Madrid is in grave danger, so grave that it would be perfectly justifiable to say desperate danger, had the mass of the population of the capital and country at large remained as indifferent as it was three weeks ago. Forewarned, forearmed. The moving awakening, the mobilization of Spain for the defense of Madrid, is the vital step permitting the utilization of the objective factors above outlined.

Those thousands, hundreds of thousands, taking daily military instruction at trade-union headquarters and Fifth Regiment barracks; the workers pouring into the trenches and fortifications to hasten the perfection of a defense some kilometers from the capital; the files of calicoed women marching from morning to night through the streets with war slogans; the militarization of the trade unions; the activity of the political delegates: all contribute to guarantee the collective strength of the people as against the basic weakness of the military-fascists. Every rifle, leaflet, and loudspeaker is, equally with the picks and shovels of the trench diggers, a tool to dig the grave of fascism in Madrid.

★ ★ ★

Stand Up, the Lovers of Spain

O Spain Spain Spain
Who loves you now
Bleeding among the fallen crosses and the severed vines

Your name is a wine of blood
Your children drunk in death
And the sun a crimson tear

Stand up, the lovers of Spain
The weeping and the losers of women and men comrades
Lovers of the peasant and the people, the gourd and the ass

O far-flung lovers of Spain
Gather now if you love life
The Moor is dancing death before the gates of Europe

They unite to murder us
Flying at us across laws
Should we debate our death

The money and the vote
Are fighting everywhere
And Spain is the autopsy of democracy

The cabinets of humanity
Send telegrams for mercy
But send no airplanes in the name of humanity
O lovers of old and new liberty
Dark Ages thumb history's page
Awaiting crusades of looters, war-lords, mercenaries

O Spain Spain Spain
We love you now
No heel can hold for long the neck of a nation

ROBERT GESSNER.

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Lynchtown—A Mass Chant

Two Theatre Union playwrights recount an incident of life in the Deep South

By Paul Peters and George Sklar

THE LIGHT begins to faae as the music builds to a terrific climax. There is a clash of cymbals, followed by the slow muffled beat of a drum. A dim pool of light comes up, revealing a group of black and white workers who stand facing the audience.

ALL

(*Low to the beat of the drum*)

Fire swept this cabin
Fire blazed in the night
Here twelve people lived and breathed and stood their ground and fought to live.
And were consumed by fire.

FIRST NEGRO

And ten charred bodies lay in the embers
And two lay quiet in a pool of blood.

VOICES

The nickelodeon tinkled at Jerry's place
And the boys were lined up at the bar.
The billiard balls clicked at the Starlight Casino
And Joe chalked his cue and watched;
The radio was going in the barber shop,
And in the back room the gang was shooting crap,
And the boys hung around the corner with not a thing to do.

At eight o'clock John T. McGuire, sheriff of Blue Earth County, State of Mississippi,
Strode down the street with his holster bulging on his hip:
"That Lewis nigger—down by the woods—slugged the colonel.
That Lewis nigger——
Slugged the colonel.
Nigger bastard
Slugged the colonel."
And the boys piled out of Jerry's place,
Out of the casino,
Out of the barber shop.
And from out of stores
And out of houses
People came running to the corner.
The street became alive,
Excitement swept the crowd
And they buzzed and laughed and yelled.
And from mouth to mouth it spread:
"That Lewis nigger (*in whisper*) nigger
Slugged the colonel
Slugged the colonel
Slugged the colonel
Nigger bastard—bastard
Slugged the colonel
Slugged the colonel!"

A. Sopher

Brakes squealed.
Cars drew up,
White hoods appeared.
A shout from the crowd:
"Here they are, boys!
Where's that rope?
Get that torch!
Where's that can of gasoline!"
And frenzied anger seized them
And they surged forward!
And a roar went up from the street:
"Get that nigger,
String him up.
Lynch that nigger,
Lynch him. Lynch him, lynch him!"

Down the main street,
Over the Red Creek bridge
And out the Mobile Road they went,
The cars in the lead,
The men behind.
Trudging in a cloud of dust.
And as they marched
Their spirits grew higher and higher
And they laughed and sang and cheered.
And somebody started up:
"There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."
And other voices picked it up.

A sudden silence gripped them
As they hit the old swamp road;
And all you could hear was the tread of feet,
The slow, grim tread of many feet
Marching in the night.
An owl hooted
And a frog croaked in the swamp.
And all was silent again,
Silent except for the slow grim tread of many feet.

And inside the cabin twelve Negroes waited,
Waited with guns in their hands.
(*Silence: then slow drum beat*)
Their bodies stiffened and their fingers tightened on their triggers
(*Drum beat grows faster*)
As they heard the tread of feet,
The slow grim tread of many feet
Marching in the night.
And the twelve Negroes in the cabin heard the hushed voices of the mob
And they saw white figures creeping toward them
And they remembered that they had sworn an oath to stand their ground!
(*Silence: the drum beat continues and out of it comes a voice singing*)
"Oh, Mr. Sheriff, we giving you warning,
You better turn round and go back;
'Cause if you come anywhere near that doorway,
We going to shoot you down in your track."
(*Drum beat builds and is terminated abruptly by a gun shot*)
And guns roared
And pistols blazed in the night,
Men cursed and fell and women shrieked.
Suddenly a torch flared and hurtled through the darkness
And landed on the roof
And flames licked at the shingles
And the mob went wild and laughed and yelled.
And inside the cabin twelve Negroes who had sworn an oath
Stood with their guns in their hands
And held the mob at bay.
And now one of them cried out: "It's burning! It's burning!"
And confusion seized them
And some of them were struck with ter
And dropped their guns and rushed to door
And threw it open:
(*There is a quickly mounting dr roll, which culminates in hoarse scream of a man woman*)
And on the ground, with the warm blo flowing from their bodies, lay
Asa Potter, Negro, 19,
Eula Roberts, Negro, 13,
Struck dead by bullets from the guns of t mob.
The rest drew back into the cabin and barr the door
And stood their ground in the thicken smoke
And answered shot for shot.

And from the trees at the edge of the clear ing

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Guns roared and pistols blazed in the night
And a red glow fell on the faces of the mob
As they watched the doorway and waited for the Negroes to emerge.
And as the flames shot higher and higher
They ceased their shooting
And a silence settled on them
And their eyes were glued on the doorway.
And they watched with wonder and awe.

And suddenly they saw a burst of flame
And heard the timbers crack
And the roof caved in with a thunderous roar;
And from the cabin came shrieks of human agony
And a figure enveloped in flame
Streaked across the clearing and fell burning to the ground.

And over the old swamp road and the Red creek bridge
The men trudged back to town.
An awful silence seized them and their eyes were on the ground.
An owl hooted
And a frog croaked in the swamp.

Someone stumbled and swore under his breath.
And all you could hear was the tread of feet
The slow grim tread of many feet
Marching in the night.

Fire swept this cabin
Fire blazed in the night,
Here twelve people lived and breathed and stood their ground——
And were consumed by fire.

And ten charred bodies lay in the embers
And two lay quiet in a pool of blood.

William Sanderson

THE NEW GULLIVER

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Covering the events of the week ending November 22

FASCIST action during the week once more sent the world's fever chart rocketing—this time to a record high for the post-war period. Impatient at General Franco's failure to take Madrid, Mussolini and Hitler flung diplomatic precedent to the winds and recognized an embattled rebel junta as the lawful government of Spain. It was widely conceded that the move was merely preliminary to German and Italian military aid on a far grander scale than has yet been attempted. Confirmation of this belief came within twenty-four hours in the form of a warning by Franco to foreign powers that Barcelona would be blockaded. Without the promise of unprecedented foreign aid, it was known that the rebel naval and air forces were wholly inadequate to establish a blockade of the Catalonian port. Loyalist ships were subsequently attacked by submarines, though the insurgents, it was definitely learned, do not possess a single U-boat.

In reply to Franco's challenge, the British admiralty obligingly ordered its cruiser *Arethus* to leave Barcelona, and France followed suit with a similar order to its cruiser *Dupleix*. Labor M.P. Clement Atlee suggested that enforcement of a blockade by the rebels, who were not even recognized by Britain as belligerents, would constitute piracy, but Foreign Secretary Eden insisted for a time on sidestepping the fascist challenge. He did politely request the rebels to set aside a safety zone for foreign merchantmen in Barcelona harbor, but the fascists showed no inclination to take Mr. Eden seriously. At a weekend meeting of the cabinet, however, a stronger tone was adopted. It was announced that Britain would not accord the rebels the status of a belligerent and would resist interference with her shipping.

Though increased intervention by the fascist powers was accepted as certain, it was felt that Germany and Italy would continue to be members of the London committee of neutrals. Their motives were evident. While membership does not prevent them from aiding Franco, the existence of the committee provides Premier Blum with a pretext for not aiding the Madrid government. Furthermore, the committee, through the good offices of its chairman, Lord Plymouth, allows Hitler and Mussolini to screen their intervention on Franco's side by accusing the Soviet Union of neutrality violations. Mr. Eden helped this strategy during the week in a clumsy anti-Soviet outburst. When William Gallacher, Communist M.P., charged that Italo-German recognition of the rebels was a breach of the non-intervention agreement, Eden replied hotly that there were "other governments more to blame than either Germany or Italy." From the Labor benches came cries of 'Shame!"

EUROPE'S tense moments heightened world interest in the coming Inter-American Peace Conference. In a preliminary speech at Rio de Janeiro Secretary of State Hull admitted that "War anywhere in the world must disturb and threaten peace everywhere." But it was not made clear what the United States delegation to Buenos Aires proposed to do in order that war anywhere might be prevented. The Secretary of State again offered nothing more tangible than the hope that the example of peace in the Americas might have a chastening effect on the disturbers of world peace.

In his speech Mr. Hull did not overlook the opportunity to boost American exports in the bitterly contested Brazilian market. Much of his vehemence in this connection was explained by a declaration adopted at the National Foreign Trade Convention in Chicago, in which the exporters flayed unfair competition from subsidized German exports in countries with which the United States has trade agreements. In Brazil, Germany's barter plan has made rapid commercial inroads during the past year.

Coinciding with Secretary Hull's speech in Rio, with its liberal references to "the democracies of this continent," was the return from Brazil of Isobel Walker Soule and James Waterman Wise. As independent investigators, the two Americans brought back a report on governmental terror in that South American "democracy." "In Brazil," they declared, "there is Hitlerism, with all but the Nazi salute."

AS the President's peace-bound warship steamed down the South American coast, the Supreme Court contemplated a decision that may nullify even the illusory measures taken so far by the Roosevelt administration to keep America out of war. Lawyers for the airplane manufacturers who had deliberately violated the so-called neutrality act in the recent war between Bolivia and Paraguay argued that Congress had exceeded its powers when it delegated to the President the right to declare a ban on arms shipments to belligerent nations.

However the court may react to the election as a liberal mandate from the people, business interests showed clearly that they had not only recovered from the election knockout, but were planning the next round. The strategy indicated calls for an unsecured pledge on the part of industry that it will absorb the unemployed, in return for which the government is to take immediate steps to cut down its work-relief program. Most vocal in behalf of the revived men of business was the United States Chamber of Commerce, whose board of directors held its quarterly meeting in Washington. Recommended the board's employment committee: "A policy should now be adopted of gradually discontinuing work relief. . . ." Those persons, "who by reason of unfortunate personal habits" have not been able to hold down regular jobs in normal times "should not be maintained at public expense on a higher standard of living than they will exert themselves to earn."

More serious than the expected pressure of business interests to bring about curtailment of government aid was the eager willingness of administration officials to meet them more than half way. First came Mr. Farley's statement to the British press, in which, said the New York *Times,* he expressed "his personal belief that relief would be decentralized, the W.P.A. wound up, and the burden shifted to local communities." W.P.A. Administrator Harry Hopkins completely contradicted Farley with the statement that the government "has no intention of turning the needy back on cities and counties, and it has no intention of liquidating its work program." At the very same meeting, however, Secretary of the Interior Ickes expressed the administration's intention "to retrench all along the line." And Senator Harrison (D., Miss.), who is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, promising a balanced budget, declared: "There must be a decrease in government expenditures next fiscal year, and certain activities of an emergency nature that can be curtailed, will be."

MR. HOPKINS to the contrary notwithstanding, the drive to slash work relief got under way with a vengeance. The City Projects Council of the New York City W.P.A. got word of wholesale dismissals to begin December 15, with nearly 2000 scheduled to get the ax. Similar reports came in from other cities, chief among which were Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and Cleveland. The Federal Archives Project, employing 2357 persons, was listed for complete liquidation by January 1, according to the *Daily Worker*. And the somewhat less radical New York *Herald Tribune* found that "in a number of states or communities the drive for retrenchment in relief rolls already has resulted in 10 to 20 percent cuts, although no central announcement of progress has been made."

Nor was the prospect of drastic relief cuts confined to industrial centers. In agricultural areas W.P.A. officials planned to reduce summer relief job rolls from a peak of 324,000 to about 60,000 by December 15. Protests poured in on Harry Hopkins, among them objections from Senator Clark of Missouri and Governor Herring of Iowa.

Along with the plan to slash relief jobs came word from Washington that the administration would be quite as far as the law would permit in mitigating the extent

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ing the cotton belt, with particular attention e government's resettlement activities, the tary warned against any expectation of a -scale program to aid the croppers, and ssociates said he would look unfavorably he expenditure of $50,000,000 called for he extremely modest Tugwell plan. At n Bayou, Ark., dedicating the Resettle- t Administration's Wright Plantation ect, Wallace said, "These fine homesteads not for everyone, but for those who have n good intention and ability to succeed in r things. Tenancy will not be abolished, ts worst features will be modified." This ionary attitude toward one of the most ing evils of the country gave strength to view that the resignation of Dr. Tugwell ier in the week marked a sharp victory for ht forces within the administration.

WITH the government apparently in a mood to conciliate the Right, politically-minded Leftists found comfort in the activity of farmer-labor groups in various parts of the country. In Seattle 446 delegates met for the most significant convention in the one-year history of the Washington Commonwealth Federation. The new party's entire slate, with one exception, had been elected, and all agreed to abide by the political program drawn up by the convention. Chief among the program's fifteen points were those calling for public ownership of all natural resources, public utilities, banks, and monopolies; for protection of civil rights "to guard against fascism"; for the right of labor to bargain collectively and to picket; for adequate old-age and unemployment insurance; for a constitutional amendment restraining the Supreme Court; and for "international coöperation with other democratic nations" for the maintenance of world peace.

In New York the American Labor Party launched a campaign to become a dominant political force in the municipal elections of 1927. "So far as we are concerned," said its chairman, "the 1937 campaign is beginning this week." And in the same city the National Executive Council of the Socialist Party took under consideration the possibility of associating with a farmer-labor party. To the coun- he Communist Party addressed an urgent al for a united front between the two st parties on a number of specific points. among these were mobilization of sup- or Spain and joint action in the promo- of a farmer-labor party movement. The nist Central Committee also pleaded Socialists to eradicate Trotskyite nts as a disrupting and counter-revolu- y force.

spot in the country which offered labor for pride was Tampa, Fla., scene n Federation of Labor conven- The end of the conven- reactionary craft- e saddle, although -and-file opposition. ecutive Council dis- ith a steam-rollered

Ade Boysen

Secretary Hull—Offers hopes, no plans

resolution "outlawing" the seamen's strike on the East Coast and Gulf. The move was obviously engineered to whitewash the leaders of the International Seamen's Union, who have been supplying strike-breakers to the shipowners and who, more than incidentally, support the craft-union bloc in the A.F. of L. But this move only precipitated an extension to all ports of the New York sympathy strike of masters, mates, pilots, and engineers. Strikers sought court action to void the contract between the I.S.U. and the shipowners, which was signed last March despite the six-to-one opposition of the rank and file. It was this contract which the A.F. of L. council used to put the outlaw brand on the East Coast strike.

Several speakers, including Edwin S. Smith of the National Labor Relations Board, urged support of the Spanish government against the fascist rebels, but Green refused to extend to Isabella Palencia, as a delegate of Spain's workers, or to Spanish Ambassador de los Rios, the courtesy of addressing the convention. One more baldly reactionary move came when the convention put a boycott on clothing bearing the label of the C.I.O. Amalgamated Clothing Workers' union. The final showdown, however, was still to come—when the convention votes on the twenty-four resolutions against the suspension of the ten C.I.O. unions and on the three demanding expulsion.

The convention, apparently isolated by its officials from the main stream of the American labor movement, made no mention of the West Coast maritime strike. Workers' ranks on the Pacific Coast held firm and were further strengthened by the support of the teamsters in Los Angeles. East Coast seamen, undismayed by the "outlaw" order, picketed the union hall, from which they have been banned by I.S.U. officials although their dues help pay the rent.

HUDDLED in cellars, Madrid's noncombatants were again the target of rebel bombardments. But the capital held out, and its Defense Council speeded the evacuation of 300,000 women and children in order that the city might finally be placed on a war footing. The rebels were not able to advance beyond the Casa del Campo and University City, on the capital's western and northwestern fringes. And at these two points, fascist advance detachments, composed of picked troops, stood to be surrounded and destroyed in the event of a successful loyalist offensive. The revival of loyalist activity on the Huesca front and the Irun-San Sebastián sector did not augur well for the fascists, who were in no position to deflect forces from their siege of Madrid.

The week's losses for world peace, rounded out by Italo-German recognition of the rebels, began with the announcement of a German-Japanese "anti-Communist accord." Commented the London *Times,* which believes that increased collaboration among the treaty violators bodes no good in this case for the security of the British Empire: "If there is not honor, there is at least mutual admiration among thieves." To the plea from Berlin and Tokyo that the agreement was purely a defensive one, the *Times* countered with the reminder that "it was Russia who proffered and Japan who rejected the idea of a non-aggression pact."

In most of the world's capitals the "anti-Communist" union was viewed as a rather belated acknowledgment of an already existing military alliance. The terms of the new agreement remained undisclosed, but it was generally assumed that they included: technical collaboration between German and Japanese armies; a barter agreement which will include the exchange of German arms for Japanese and Manchukuoan raw materials; Italian recognition of Manchukuo and Japanese recognition of Mussolini's Ethiopian conquest.

Mussolini did not make known his adherence to the pact, mainly out of anxiety to avoid further strain in Anglo-Italian relations. But Italy, as well as Austria and Hungary, it was understood, was ready to affix its signature to the agreement at an early date. Without mincing words the Soviet Union charged Tokyo with having entered into a military alliance directed against the U.S.S.R., and Foreign Commissar Litvinov held up the signing of a treaty on fisheries recently concluded with Japan until the latter should clarify its stand on Soviet-Japanese relations.

If Berlin's diplomatic maneuvers were not without success, luck was not with the Nazis in their attempts at wrecking activities within the Soviet Union. E. M. Stickling, a Nazi agent on trial, along with eight Russian Trotskyite confederates, fully admitted his guilt in a sabotage plot at the Kemerovo mines which cost the lives of twelve miners and injured fourteen. A Supreme Court tribunal condemned the self-confessed saboteurs to be shot. The technique pursued by the convicted men was as simple as it was sadistic. Bent on undermining the confidence of the workers in the Soviet regime, they filled mine shafts with gas and disarranged ventilating systems in the mines. "The miners melted away before one's eyes," testified Trotskyite defendant Noskoff. Vexed at Stickling's admission that Nazi Consul Groskopf was the prime mover in the plot, Berlin's press bewailed the fate of the Trotskyites and complained of "partisan justice."

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The Issues at Buenos Aires

The son of Argentina's president sees some thorny problems at the love feast

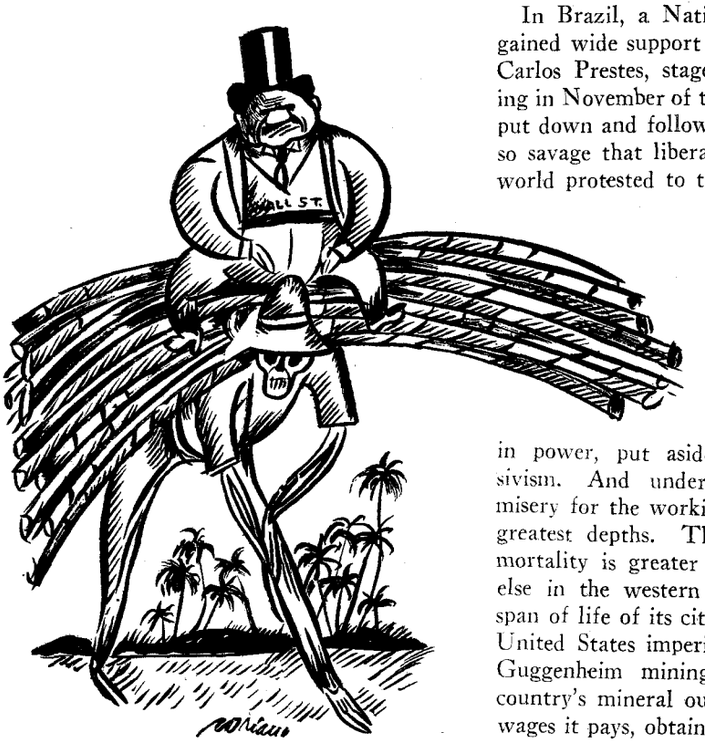
By Liborio Justo

WHAT is the true state of affairs in South America on the eve of the Inter-American Peace Conference? Needless to say, the speeches of diplomats from our dictator-ridden countries will do little to enlighten independent opinion in the United States as to our plight.

As countries economically subject to foreign financial interests, the South American republics suffered severely from the consequences of the 1929 crisis and the effects of this crisis have by no means worn off. It must be remembered that our countries are mainly sources of agricultural products and mineral raw materials. The world crisis occasioned a disastrous fall in prices of these products and played havoc with the economy of our countries. Unfavorable export balances caused a flight of gold to the creditor nations and led to currency devaluation, which resulted in many cases in increased living costs. The curtailment of production swelled the ranks of the unemployed and semi-employed, and foreign companies, seeking respite from their difficulties at home, cut wages and increased the length of the working day for urban workers as well as for peons in their South American mines and plantations.

The ravages of the crisis were accompanied by widespread political unrest. And militarists, as well as demagogues with ambitions for dictatorship, were able to do some lucrative fishing in these troubled waters. At the instigation of foreign powers or with their tacit aid, they carried through a series of coups d'état which left intact hardly a single government in South America. In Peru, Sanchez Cerro came into the saddle; in Argentina, Uriburu; Getulio Vargas in Brazil, and Terra in Uruguay. And the new dictators were not ungrateful to their friends abroad. They granted enormous commercial concessions to Britain and the United States. The Roca-Runciman pact between Argentina and Great Britain and the Ross-Calder agreement between the United States and Chile were typical of the plums gathered by imperialism.

Lowered living standards and increased foreign pressure created a rebellious mood among the white, Indian, *mestizo,* and Negro peoples of South America. In 1931, the sailors of the Chilean fleet revolted. This proved the harbinger of a wave of strikes, political mass movements against imperialism, and armed uprisings. In 1935-6 there occurred a national railroad stoppage in Chile, a construction workers' strike of vast proportions in Argentina, and an upsurge of the labor movement in Venezuela. In Brazil a rising occurred under the leadership of the National Liberation Alliance. And with the end of the Chaco conflict, existing governments in Paraguay and Bolivia were overthrown. In recent months the victories of the people's fronts in France and Spain have had their echo on the southern continent, and particularly in Chile is the people's front against imperialism proving a serious menace to entrenched reaction. The



Soriano

dictatorial governments of South America replied to the growing restiveness and anti-imperialist unity with extreme terrorism. Such democratic liberties as had existed previously in our countries they rescinded, and jail sentences became a term synonymous with political opposition.

In Argentina, though a parliament continues to exist, with Socialist representation, the cattle-owning oligarchy does not hesitate to brush aside legal restrictions whenever it wishes to proceed against the labor movement. The Justo government has made a commercial treaty with England which is thoroughly inimical to Argentina's independent economic growth. In order to counteract the growing cohesion of democratic and anti-imperialist forces within the country, the government is now planning a law which would enable Argentina's notorious anti-Communist police to redouble their repressive activities. This law is aimed at all liberal and progressive groups, though it is labeled a "law for the suppression of Communism."

In Uruguay, where political evolution had reached a high point until recently—in Uruguay, which not long ago was termed the Switzerland of South America, bitter reaction has taken command of the country under the administration of President Terra, a satellite of British imperialism.

In Brazil, a National Liberation Alliance gained wide support in 1935 and, led by Luis Carlos Prestes, staged a revolutionary uprising in November of that year. It was brutally put down and followed by a wave of reprisals so savage that liberal opinion throughout the world protested to the Brazilian government, but the reactionary wave continues in full force in Brazil today as Dictator Vargas prepares, through fraud, to reëlect himself president.

In Chile, the demagogue Allessandri, once in power, put aside the cloak of progressivism. And under his tyrannical regime, misery for the working people has reached its greatest depths. The index of sickness and mortality is greater in Chile than anywhere else in the western world, and the average span of life of its citizens is twenty-five years. United States imperialism in the form of the Guggenheim mining trust monopolizes the country's mineral output and due to the low wages it pays, obtains each pound of copper at a cost of production one-eighth as great as the corresponding cost in the United States.

In Peru, under the dictatorial regime of General Benavides, the reaction has attained greater ferocity than anywhere on the Continent outside of Brazil. The Aprista P a middle-class organization with anti-imp ist aims, has been declared illegal though i joys the support of the majority of the p lation. The Communist Party has suffer similar fate. Numerous Apristas and C munists are held prisoner in the tropical i of Satipo, known as Siberia del Fue Siberia of fire). In recent presidential tions, the Aprista Party threw its support t candidate who was not looked upon with fa by Benavides. This candidate, Señor F guyren, won the elections, but Benav promptly declared the election null and

Armed conflicts between states, such a three-year Chaco War, added to our ex woes, and were precipitated in recent mainly by competition between United and British financial interests. It will

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called that the United States gained the upper hand in Latin America after the World War only after dislodging British imperialism, and subsequently the victor has endeavored to press his gains while the loser has resisted tenaciously and sought a comeback. During the crisis years, the contending imperialist powers found local ruling groups in the respective Latin American countries especially well disposed to the idea of launching wars in behalf of one or another imperialist group, hoping thereby to salvage their own interests as exploiters. Thus the shadow of Wall Street hovered over Bolivia's militarists in the Chaco War, while London's "City," operating principally through the government of Argentina, definitely sided with Paraguay. And today, though hostilities between Bolivia and Paraguay have been suspended, the two countries continue at swords' points. After deliberating for an entire year, the Chaco peace conference continues its sessions in an atmosphere of utter futility. Formulæ for settlement are rejected first by one party and then by the other, and the specter of renewed warfare remains at the doorstep of the conference. At the bottom of the impasse lies the reluctance of U.S. financial groups which backed Bolivia, as well as of Bolivian exploiters who stood to win from a successful war, to resign themselves to military defeat, and their attempt to gain through diplomatic means what armed warfare failed to yield them.

And the ingredients of warfare exist beyond the limits of the Chaco. As a matter of fact, Argentina and Chile have been arming in great haste with a view to possible mutual aggression, not without the knowledge and consent of Great Britain and the United States, which dominate these respective countries. Only last year, the Pacific Coast countries of South America, under the influence of United States imperialism, formed the so-called Pacific Bloc against the Atlantic countries, which are in the main still under British domination. Chile and Argentina, the most active powers in these respective blocs, have border disputes of long standing which have brought them to the point of armed conflict on more than one occasion. Though many of these disputes have been "solved" in their time, they have never been completely eliminated and ownership over several small islands in the Tierra del Fuego is still a bone of contention. In 1935, President Allessandri of Chile, in violent statements to the press, raised the issue of these islands anew; and, during the same year, the appearance of an Argentinian Alpinist army, in its first winter maneuvers in the Andes, as well as the initial maneuvers of Chile's air fleet, revealed the tension between the two countries in its true proportions.

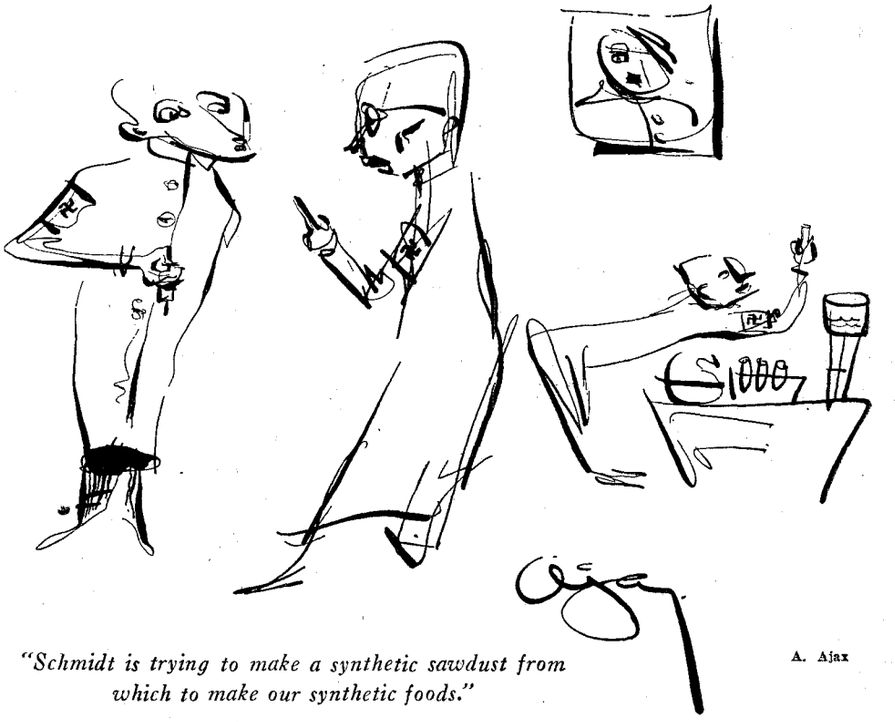
From our vantage point in Buenos Aires, it seems apparent that the following are among the aims which predatory financial interests in the United States expect to achieve through the Buenos Aires Inter-American Conference:

(1) To speed the coördination of efforts to suppress the democratic and national liberation movements of the peoples of South America and the Caribbean.

(2) To gain further trade advantages, mainly through the lowering of tariff barriers for their exports, at the expense, naturally, of rival foreign exporters and of native industry in our countries.

(3) To divorce South America further from Great Britain—it is to be noted, in this connection, that Buenos Aires, the center of British influence on the continent, has been chosen as the seat of the conference.

And the absence of sovereign governments in most of our republics makes it altogether unlikely that Yankee imperialism will encounter much opposition to this program from the delegates at the Conference. But the voice of the growing peoples' movements in our subjugated countries, as well as that of enlightened opinion in the United States, can make known its own concept of "good neighborism" outside, if not from within the salons of the Buenos Aires conference. Such a concept of good neighborism would include recognition by all of the right of Latin American peoples to set up such governments as would guarantee ordinary democratic liberties. It would preclude unequal trade agreements such as those which have been reached in Brazil and Cuba under the guise of commercial reciprocity. It would insist on closer coöperation with the peace-loving countries of the entire world with a view to curbing the world's principal aggressive powers, Germany, Italy, and Japan, by means of an all-embracing system of collective security. And it would demand above all that the United States be forced to comply with the pledge it made at the last Pan-American Conference at Montevideo, not to intervene in the internal affairs of the other American Republics—a pledge so flagrantly violated by Mr. Sumner Welles himself during his tenure as United States Ambassador in Cuba.



"Schmidt is trying to make a synthetic sawdust from which to make our synthetic foods."

A. Ajax

★

Modern Heroes

WILLIAM GREEN

You are tired, Father William,
Your hair is askew,
You are scarred by the fiercest of fights.
Were you battling employers
And union destroyers,
Defending the working man's rights?

With employers and firms
I'm on excellent terms,
And with them I've nought to complain.
But with labor and Reds
And their militant heads
I've been fighting again and again.

MATTHEW WOLL

The lips which kiss the Blarney Stone
Gain eloquence and wit;
But what strange object must one kiss
To make one's language fit
The tangled wilderness of lies
Which fascist doctrines teach,
That translate dung heaps into sound
And garbage into speech?
Please tell us, Mr. Matthew Woll,
What prompted you to drench
The public with the bile of your
Red-baiting verbal stench?

To gain the frenzied raver's skill
In which my pen is versed,
One need but kiss the fascist foot
Of William Randolph Hearst.

MICHAEL QUIN.

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Property in the U.S.S.R.

In his second article concerning the draft constitution, the author discusses some fundamental problems relating to the class question

By Joshua Kunitz

ONE either sees the Soviet Union in its dynamics, or one does not see it at all. This is true whether we study the status of Soviet women, or education, or social insurance, or democracy, or collectivization. A snapshot of two moving bodies reveals nothing about the relation between the two bodies, except the distance between them when the photograph was snapped. It in no way helps the observer to determine where the two bodies might be the next second, whether nearer to, or farther from, each other. Similarly, a glance at the Soviet Union at any particular moment is bound to reveal a very complex but apparently congealed pattern, and not unless one realizes that there is terrific movement there, not unless one can distinguish between the receding and the emergent forces, not unless one knows the approximate rates of speed with which the receding forces recede and the emergent forces emerge, can one have the slightest notion of what the Soviet Union is like at present or what it is bound to be in the near future.

Consider this: in the incredibly brief period of seven years 90 percent of the Soviet peasantry have joined in collectives. Already 96.7 percent of all the arable land in the country is socialized. Only 3.3 percent remains in the possession of individual small farmers. The draft constitution (Article 8) declares unequivocally that "the land occupied by collective farms is secured to them for perpetual use, that is, forever." It obviously follows that the land available for individual farming is strictly and permanently limited to 3.3 percent or less—it cannot possibly be more—of the total arable area. Under the present constitution individual farming cannot grow at the expense of collective farming —the process is all the other way. Surely, even the learned capitalist gentlemen will have to agree that in view of all these facts the victory of socialist property in Soviet agriculture is to all intents and purposes final and complete.

It is important to note, however, that not all socialist property in the Soviet Union is as yet possessed of identically the same characteristics. The draft constitution draws a clear line of demarcation between property owned by separate collective farms and cooperative associations and that owned by the state. In contradistinction to the former, which in Soviet political and economic writing is usually referred to as just "socialist" property (owned *individually* by coöperatives and collectives), the latter is always characterized as "consistently socialist" property, that is, property owned *in common* by the whole people.

Tamayo

This distinction is not accidental; it is historically conditioned and is of much deeper significance than may appear at first glance, having a direct bearing on the whole moot question of the existence or non-existence of economic classes in the Soviet Union. I say "moot" since the question is in some quarters still under discussion. Despite the common practice of referring to Soviet society as "a classless socialist society," the draft constitution, by flatly announcing that the Soviet Union is a "state of workers and peasants," seems to suggest something entirely different. The learned critics chuckle: "Workers and peasants . . . so there are distinctions, classes!" And even friends of the Soviets, when they do not think dialectically, are embarrassed on attempting to answer this question with a direct, unqualified *yes* or *no*. No such answer is possible. The truth as regards classes in the Soviet Union is both that they *do* and *do not* exist, but with the stress most vigorously placed on the negative.

An apparently complicated answer! But it grows much less complicated if one studies the changed and progressively changing relations of each of the classes under discussion to the special types of property with which each has been historically associated, and the differences and similarities between the relation of the Soviet proletariat to the mines, mills, and factories and that of the peasants to the land and implements of production.

As regards the Soviet proletariat, the prime mover in the socialist revolution, it must be remembered that while it had never, under capitalism, owned or controlled the implements of production, it was none the less, by the logic of capitalist development, by the ever-growing socialization of technical processes which that development involved, prepared, socially and psychologically, for the communally coöperative production of a socialist order. In the revolution, having organized itself as the ruling class, the Soviet proletariat swept aside capitalism's contradiction between socialized operation and individual ownership of the means of production and vested the ownership and control of all industrial enterprises in the collective expression of itself, in the proletarian-socialist state. Such is the origin of state property, of "consistently socialist" property, in the Soviet Union. It was created by the proletariat, taken from the capitalists by the proletariat, and increased by it six-fold since the revolution for the benefit of the whole people and the further development of socialism.

The history of socialist property in Soviet agriculture was quite different. Agriculture under the czars prepared the peasantry neither economically nor psychologically for pooling its resources—lands, livestock, and implements of production — into genuinely collective, genuinely socialist enterprises. As the first twelve years of the revolution had proved, the tendency was in quite the opposite direction. Indeed, the eight million small individual peasant economies which were in the Soviet Union shortly after the revolution had by 1927 multiplied to twenty-five million! The real stimulus to scale, mechanized, collective fa to the village from the Comm the urban proletariat, the Soviet It was they who had created th conditions favorable to collectiviz tors, combine harvesters, automob roads, chemical fertilizer, state cre tific guidance, favorable taxation, even so, the poor and, especially, t peasants had to be admonished, and encouraged before they finally timidly and provisionally at first, to the kulaks as a class and organize c From the standpoint of ownership sential difference between, say, a f state farm (sovkhoz) and a collect (kolkhoz) is that the first are o the state and operated by the wo the benefit of the entire population v

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kolkhoz is owned collectively by its members and operated by them primarily for its own immediate benefit. Soviet factories or state farms or other state organizations may neither sell to, nor buy from one another any of their equipment or manufactured products, since all of these belong to the state and may only be transferred, with the permission of the government, from one state organization to another. Collective farms, on the other hand, may do with their produce (after taxes and other debts to the state have been paid) and their property (except the land, which is theirs only for use, even if perpetual use) anything they please: sell, buy, transfer, or exchange.

These basic differences lead to other differences: (1) The organization of work—in state enterprises this is done by government organs with the coöperation of the workers; in collective farms it is done on the basis of a kolkhoz statute subscribed to by every peasant when he joins a kolkhoz. (2) Administration—in state enterprises the administration is appointed; in collective farms, elected. (3) The system of pay. In state enterprises the workers and employees receive wages and other benefits per mutual agreement and regardless of the success or failure of the enterprise. Their incomes are guaranteed by the Soviet state. Not so with the collective farmer. His income is more speculative. He is paid by the "labor-day," the value of which varies with each kolkhoz and each season. True, in the same farm and season the farmer who puts in more work receives proportionately more pay, in money and produce, in line with the socialist principle "from each according to his ability to each according to his work." If the season and management are good, his income may be quite high; if either or both are poor, his income, irrespective of the amount of labor he put in, may be very low indeed. Such are the contingencies connected with working in an enterprise not "consistently socialist" in character.

We see, then, how it happened that the two "classes," the proletariat and the peasantry, having been repositories of different class experiences and attitudes, having had different relations to the means with which each participated in production, and having come to the revolution along different historical paths, have carried over into the early period of socialism certain characteristic features of their pre-revolutionary past. In so far as that is true, and in so far as 10 percent of the peasants still work their fields individually, it would be incorrect to contend that class distinctions have completely vanished in the Soviet Union. Vestiges of such distinctions persist and have found full and realistic recognition in the draft constitution.

There is, however, one essential, determining feature of all class societies that has completely disappeared in the Soviet Union, and that is the exploitation of man by man through private ownership of means of production, distribution, or exchange. With this essential characteristic of economic classes removed, it is perfectly correct to assert that classes, in the sense in which Marxists have always understood them, have been ended. What you still have is occupational groups which retain some of their old features, but classes as classes have vanished. The similarities between the Soviet peasant and worker, and between these two and the Soviet intellectual and professional, are infinitely greater than the differences. All are toilers. All are engaged in socialist enterprises. The work of all three is planned to fit in with the current Five-Year Plan and the general plan of building socialism. All three are paid on the socialist principle: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his work."

Again, as in our discussion of property, we must see the Soviet Union in its dynamics. Everywhere there are striking signs that the distinction between city and country is beginning to wear off. Everywhere there are even more striking signs that the distinction between physical and intellectual labor is beginning to wear off. The millions of Stakhanovites in field and factory are a symptom of this epic change. Almost one-third of the Soviet population is undergoing formal education. Many more are being educated through their clubs, circles, and other less formal ways. Three million adult workers are now taking various courses preparing to pass the so-called "technical minimum" test. Within a couple of years all workers in the Soviet Union will reach the level of technicians. As the Soviet Union advances, the collective farms will gradually shed those features which prevent them from being classified as "consistently" socialist and will evolve into genuine agricultural communes. The state enterprises, too, will gradually shed those characteristics which are associated with state ownership; and they, too, will tend to evolve into industrial and agricultural communes. As the accumulated social wealth increases, as greater and greater abundance is achieved, the socialist principle "From each according to his ability to each according to his work" will be gradually superseded by the communist principle "From each according to his ability to each according to his need." But when all these processes, already and perceptibly unfolding in the Soviet Union and reflected in the draft constitution, reach their culmination, the Soviet Union will have attained the communist society, the state will have withered away—and by that time the present *socialist* constitution, like its two predecessors, will have become obsolete and will have given way to some other instrument, a *communist* instrument, in full consonance with the requirements of the communist epoch.

To Whom It May Concern

(An Exhortation in Almost-Unrhymed Iambic Pentameter.)

Let us have done with poetizing; done
With involutions, dædal arabesques
That swink and mince and curvet privily
In fog—when all this rotten world cries out
For swift remaking! Let us dip our pens
In fire, in pity's hatred, in the blood
Of the[illegible] so soon to die . . . that life may live.

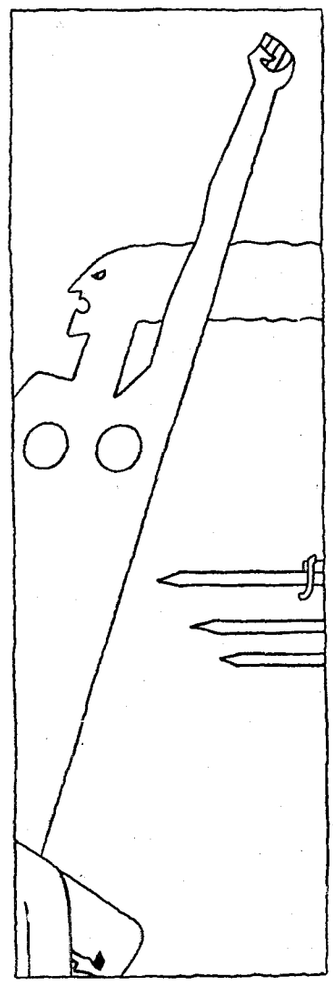
Let u[illegible] beyond all art, write true and straight
And si[illegible]ply, that what little's left of man
May [illegible]t be stung to knowledge of his plight,
A[illegible]d gird himself, and thew his might
[illegible], ere it grows too late for aught
[illegible]e dust to dust's oblivion.

[illegible]re the meek, for theirs the final earth—
by two, and shallow shrift beneath.)

[illegible]ave pity, yes—but pity geared
[illegible]: fierce to change all evil things,
[illegible]ely calculated to enhance
[illegible]ug poetic soul . . . if soul it be.

For God's sake, write! Tear! Smash!
the floodgates of a giant wrath
[illegible] this ghastliness we know as life—
[illegible]ouse, if mad reaction wills it so,
[illegible]ultitude behind those barricades
[illegible]world has known before . . . but with your aid
never know again. Forget your art,
postures. . . . God! A world's to be new-made!

GARDNER REA.



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Women and the New Masses

The author of "Something to Believe In" says we struck sparks from the anvil of the crisis

By Rebecca Pitts

I DON'T know what role the *Masses* and the *Liberator* played in the lives of the men and women of their period. There may have been a few people in our town who read them, but I didn't know those people. I grew up, like thousands of others, and went to college; and beneath the buzz of campus activities and sorority and the rest of it I felt a vague but bitter dissatisfaction with the thin patter of unreality I heard in the classroom. Back in the Coolidge era, however, it was bad form to be interested in the outside world—at least on *our* campus; college was the universe, and that was that.

I left college in 1926—about the same time the NEW MASSES came into being. (I've often thought of it since: what a change it might have made if I'd got my first copy then and not six years later.) I began to teach school in little Indiana towns, suffering all the boredom, frustration, and inner division anyone feels who rejects a hollow, uncomprehended environment. It is all very well, now, to talk about regionalism, and what Anderson did with *Winesburg, Ohio*, and what even one fighting progressive can do in a small town. But you've got to have within yourself some principle of order and understanding before you can work those miracles; and that is what the diet of straw I'd lived on had failed to give. All I had was a license to teach Latin and English.

Does this seem too personal? It isn't so personal. I know, now, that what happened to me happened to thousands of others who, for some reason or other, cared about *understanding* their world. For reasons we could not see, an intellectual tradition had gone thin and weak, and offered us nothing with which to confront the modern world. Whether that world was a smug philistine county seat or a whirling metropolis doesn't matter. I've tried them both, and one can be as blank and meaningless as the other. We drifted—hectically, aimlessly—through the rest of the boom period. We even failed to understand the crash, the breadlines, the sudden terror when we were told that jobs were scarce. The newspapers told us nothing; newspapers can tell you only what you are prepared to understand.

Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that all this drifting and lack of clarity, all this social and psychological strain we labored under, was hardest on the women. Apparently women are emotionally a little closer to the fundamental life-process than men are; they need to *feel* some kind of happy faith (unreasonable, if you will) in the worth-whileness of going on. But for the middle class, at least, the post-War period was one of disintegration and the corrosion of such faith. Probably for the first time in the modern era it came about that the nihilism of the sophisticated few trickled down to the masses, so that even in the "Bible belt" the children of parents who paid lip-service to a dying order grew up cynically and without values. The violence thus enacted in the lives of people cannot be measured; but if I understand my own experience clearly, the results were particularly painful in the lives of women.

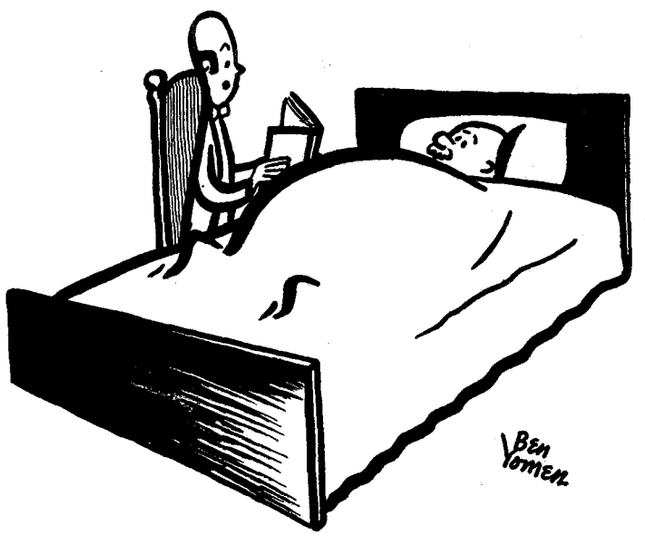
Then came the crash and the depression. We lost our jobs, or our pay was cut; and we realized with a strange intensity that for every bit of work to be done there were many skilled and eager hands—some of them more skilled than our own. Slowly the violence of the news headlines exploded in our minds with greater meaning; by many paths we came to a confused knowledge of the crisis. And again I may be wrong, but I think that, on the whole, women were a little slow about waking up. Economics and politics were not in our line; the real significance of life lay elsewhere, or so we used to think. . . .

For me, the most eventful year was 1932. That was the year I met a real Socialist (does this seem incredible today?) and revived my adolescent interest, so long abandoned, in social reform. An L.I.D. forum series followed; then an L.I.D. conference, where—wonderful to relate!—I saw Jane Addams and John Dos Passos. Still it was all talk, and the futile gesturing I'd turned my back on in my salad days, when with sudden realism I saw that wars were not prevented—no, nor lynchings either—by college Y.W.C.A. discussion groups on peace and race relations. Nevertheless that L.I.D. conference was probably the most important single event of my life. For there I first heard the Communists mentioned seriously; and there for the first time I saw a copy of the NEW MASSES.

I can never forget the impact of that experience. I had known before that there was a body of thought known as Marxism. But in these pages I read, with mounting excitement and eyes blurred with a new emotion, the story of a struggle—*here, now;* a struggle in which thousands seemed to be involved, and for the victorious outcome of which men and women everywhere seemed willing to risk their lives. I had known that people were suffering; I had even known that people—including Socialists—were thinking, and that they had found the source of evil in the economic order. But I hadn't dreamed that all over the world, even in the United States, people were *fighting*—with good hope of ultimate victory.

In the heat of a new hope and a new passion I understood that my private intellectual despair, the emotional frustration of many women I knew, the anguish of the unemployed, the martyrdom of the Ford workers in the spring of '32, and the rumors of war that hung horribly on our horizon—that all these seemingly isolated phenomena were one continuous reality that we had to change.

That is what the NEW MASSES meant to me. And I know that I speak for thousands of other women, who have also found in these pages the illumination of our common predicament.



Ben Yomen

"But this is the fourth time we've read how he beat up the strikers."

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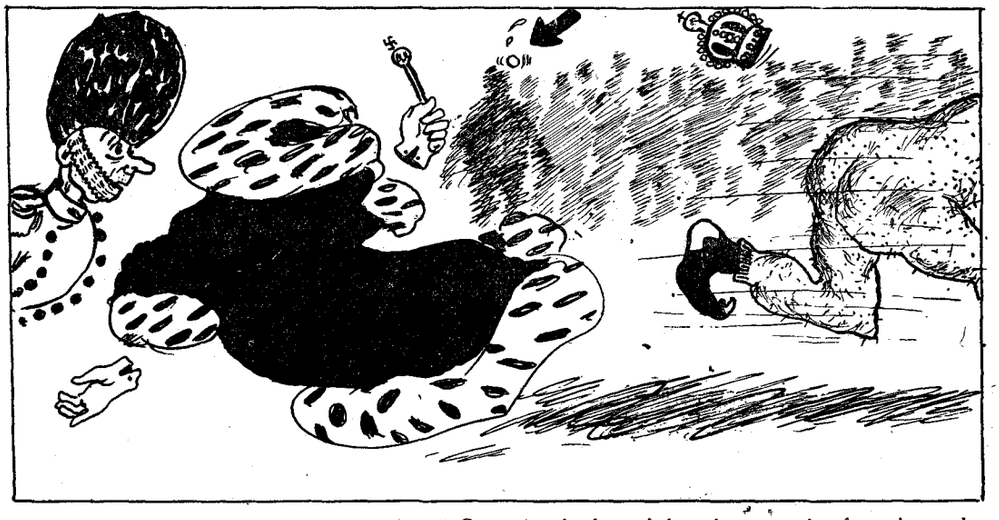
LIFE IS LIKE THAT

After 917 rehearsals—dress and undress—costing no end of Moscow pretty pennies, we present a new idea in photographic journalism: biographs by Serrano

Camera newshawks rarely have the opportunity of snapping celebrities coming home from abroad. Newshawk of the lens Serrano caught this unconventional portrait of Tycoon Fuller Sparagrass as he arrived from a round-the-world tour. Said Tycoon Sparagrass: "I starved to death in the Soviet Union." Asked for details, Tycoon Sparagrass replied: "Youse Reds is all alike."



Camera newshawks rarely have the opportunity of snapping royalty in their winter flannels. Telescopic lens mounted in turret of Castle Craneycrow shows remarkable courage and self-control of King Sevun XI as maniac hurled spitball during ceremonies at the tomb of the Unknown Sucker. To reports that the king had been fooling around with the would-be assassin's fiancée, replied the prime minister: "And how are you?"

Historical research marches on! Caught when his back was turned, famous historian and American patriot is seen in Berlin while investigating rumors that there was, as he pithily put it, "a revolution in America somewheres around 1776."

Not in the Fascist salute, as you might suppose, but in an oath now popular with the Aiken and Pinehurst set, Mrs. du Ponzi raises her right hand to swear that *her* sons [and sons-in-law,] will never go to war.

Above: Exhibiting the pose common in Italy since Mussolini took to addressing crowds from upper balconies, Famous Fascist Author Antony Tonelli appeals to American intellectuals to come to Rome where the rabble can't criticize them.

Right: Drama stalks. Cameraman concealed behind cellarette at Chamber of Commerce session snaps. Tycoon Oscar Rattlepuss as he shouts: "It's high time we appointed a committee to investigate our activities!"

Park Avenue exiles hold annual gathering to discuss ways and means to develop mass actions without the masses. Camera caught these two leaders just after they had electrified the congress by offering five-year plan for "working on" Gypsy Rose Lee.

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When Japan Goes to War

New aggressive moves by Japanese imperialism raise again the question of how Nippon expects to be able to wage a major war. A Soviet Far East expert discusses the matter

By A. Kantorovich

WAR is the religion of the contemporary Japanese imperialists. Their program of establishment of monopolistic Japanese domination over the whole of Eastern Asia and a major portion of the Pacific Ocean, it is known in advance, cannot be realized without a war and, in fact, without a series of wars. After the "minor war" in Manchuria and North China the next one in order, in the view of Japan's aggressive elements, is the "great war" on the continent, e.g., war against the Soviet Union. Victory in this war is regarded as an indispensable prerequisite for further successful development of the "policy of iron and blood" in Asia and the Pacific.

Their war propaganda is facilitated by the fact that the Japanese masses have not the European experience of a World War and do not picture to themselves in sufficient degree the misfortunes which war will send crashing down upon them, even aside from a possible defeat at the front. In her recent history Japan has not once faced a first-rate opponent: her wars were with helpless China (1894-5), czarist Russia, burdened with revolution and rotted through (1904-5), and the weak German forces in the Far East (1914). The anti-Soviet intervention of 1918-25 was not a "great war" and its collapse therefore had no decisive consequences. The war against the Soviet Union, into which Japanese fascists now would like to draw their country, represents in this sense something entirely new. It will demand of Japan an unprecedented straining of all her powers; it will place upon Japanese national economy a burden it has heretofore not borne.

On the basis of the experiences of the World War it is possible to determine beforehand the approximate proportions of this burden to the economic resources of Japan. Japanese journalism, poisoned with chauvinism and compressed in the vise of censorship, cannot assign itself this task. It is posed and solved in this valuable book* by Yohan and Tanin, already widely known for their previous work on the militarist-fascist movement in Japan.

The authors offer no answer to the question of just how long Japan will manage to last, or at precisely what stage the robbing of the Japanese masses will provoke a revolutionary explosion. They, however, put themselves on record, that:

> The intense effort which Japan must exert in war will not only entail the sacrifice of millions of human lives; it will also bring economic disaster for Japan, it will doom most of the Japanese people to starvation. The inevitable consequence will be the extreme intensification of the class struggle in the country.
>
> But even if she dooms the majority of the population to extinction through starvation, Japan will not be able to muster the resources necessary for a great war. She will be compelled to go into financial bondage which will result in the loss of national independence. (Page 10.)

As noted by the authors, this conclusion is "perhaps not new, but its significance becomes apparent only when it is proven." The worth of Yohan's and Tanin's book lies precisely in the circumstance that the thesis just cited, although formulated in the preface, is not the starting but the concluding point of the authors, in that it flows directly out of a profound and well-constructed analysis, based on facts and fertilized by the experience of the World War. Of course, it cannot be maintained that Yohan and Tanin are faultless in all the details of their structure. On the whole, however, the authors have carried through their difficult assignment brilliantly.

John Mackey

Concretely this assignment is reduced to the qualitative and quantitative appraisal of the costs of war against the U.S.S.R. (which by admission of the Japanese imperialists themselves would prove a burdensome and prolonged enterprise) and of the meeting of the costs during the first and then, separately, the second years of this war. The method of research was comparatively simple. After weighing the authoritative Japanese declarations on the question of mobilization, the capacity of the Manchurian war theater and, in part, the capacity of its railroad transport, the presence of human reserves and the problem of the officers' cadres, the authors arrive at the conclusion that during the first half-year of the war Japan will have to put up an army of forty-five infantry divisions, in addition to special services. During the second half-year this army must be increased by ten more infantry divisions. Altogether about 2,350,000 men will be mobilized, of whom about 1,000,000 will be at the front. Totaling up the physical needs of this army, the authors—on the basis of complex and well founded calculations—establish that the first year of the war, on a modest estimate, would cost Japan the colossal sum of 13,695,000,000 yen, of which but 3,600,000,000 represent the value of the existing armaments and mobilization supplies. The second year of the war will cost Japan about 12,000,000,000 yen.

The outcome of the war would in a substantial measure be predetermined by the ability of Japanese economy to keep up an uninterrupted flow of supplies to the huge army at the front. The problem of squeezing out of Japanese economy the maximum of usefulness for military purposes is lessened by the big part played by the state in this economy and by the high concentration of Japanese capital; it is, however, complicated by other peculiarities of the Japanese economic structure—the backwardness of agriculture (boding a sharp decline of agricultural productivity after the mobilization) and

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* WHEN JAPAN GOES TO WAR, *by E. Yohan and O. Tanin. International Publishers.* $1.75.

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the predominance in industry of petty medium-sized enterprises, e.g., weak concentration of production. It is sufficient, for example, to note that, according to the data for 1934, "in manufacturing airplanes the factory which gets the contract has to secure the coöperation of from 450 to 460 small factories, each of which in its turn subdivides its work among three or four other smaller factories." (Page 123). In one way or another, the war will call for the militarization of the whole Japanese national economy. Much has already been accomplished in this respect, and Japan is far ahead of, say, pre-war Germany. The authors point out, however, that we must remember that the introduction of the so-called "state capitalism" does not in the least change Japan's social structure and does not banish the anarchy of production, competition, and struggle among the various groups within the ruling classes.

Yohan and Tanin further pose the question of the technical capacity of Japanese economy to do all that is required for supplying the army in time of war. The authors take into account the tremendous development of Japanese war industry in 1931 and 1932 as well as the plans of this industry for 1934. Despite the advances that took place during those years, not an insignificant portion of Japan's military needs depends on imports. This refers not only to raw materials and semi-manufactured goods, (iron, ore, steel, manganese, copper, lead, nickel, aluminum, oil, gasoline, rubber, etc.), but also to such direct instruments of war as artillery, airplanes, motors, automobiles, and tanks. The authors prove that the minimum cost of essential military imports during the first year of war will be $726,000,000 or about 2,200,000,000 yen, that is, a sum almost equal to the cost of Japan's entire 1934 imports.

But the crux of the whole investigation is the question of economic resources, which would bear a major part of the tremendous cost of war during the first year. The authors make a complicated and carefully weighed accounting of these resources.

But it must not be overlooked that Japan would enter the war already burdened with a huge state indebtedness. In 1934 this state debt exceeded the sum of the whole annual income, while in pre-war Germany it was but 13.5 percent of that income. The issuance of new long-term loans would undoubtedly fail to keep up with military expenditures which it would have to cover first, with a new emission of notes of the Bank of Japan, "guaranteed" by short-term obligations of the treasury. In other words, during the very first year of the war Japan is to be confronted with an inescapable open inflation with all its consequences.

The general result of the authors' computation is:

> In the first year of war Japan will be able to meet war expenditure mainly out of the large reserves of war materials, private economic resources and gold reserve accumulated in the country over a number of years amounting to Y.6,900,000,000, which is nearly half the cost of the first year of war. Owing to this, in the first year of the war Japan can be satisfied with a foreign loan of Y.1,000,000,000 and spend 35 percent of her national income for war purposes. In view of Japan's low national income and the present low level of private expenditure, even these outlays will cause some strain, but we may assume that this inroad into the national income and private expenditure fund will not be excessive and will be within the power of the ruling class of Japan to bear.
>
> The situation that will arise in the second year of war, however, will be different. As by that time most of the reserves will have been exhausted, it will be possible to mobilize only Y.1,400,000,000 from this source for war purposes, and then only by reducing the stocks of food and industrial commodities to the very lowest. Even if Japan continues to consume basic capital, increases the pressure on her colonies and obtains foreign loans and credits to three times the amount she obtained in the first year of war, i. e., Y.2,700,000,000, she will be faced with the necessity of withdrawing 60 percent of the national income and 62 percent of the private expenditure fund. Will she be able to stand this strain?

As remarked by the authors, even toward the end of the World War none of its participants was reduced to such an extreme. The maximum share of national income expended for war did not exceed 43.2 percent in the countries of the Entente, and 54.7 percent in the camp of the Central Powers. Even czarist Russia before its crash spent relatively less, for it was receiving large credits from abroad. Nevertheless, it was crushed. The second year of the war would indisputably threaten Japan's ruling classes with the fate of the Russian monarchy.

Totaling up the perspectives of Japanese imperialism in the event of war, the authors conclude:

> Speaking figuratively, the military forces of Japanese imperialism represent a mailed fist put into action by weak muscles. The striking ability of the first must not be underestimated, but at the same time we must properly appreciate the lack of staying power of Japanese economy, lack of the strong muscles which make repeated blows possible. The future war will consist of a series of attacks which will call for enormous economic driving power. In this Japan is deficient. (Page 259.)

This does not mean, of course, that at a certain stage the war will become simply unthinkable for Japan, economically speaking. The business is more complicated than that. As the authors point out:

> Of course it is impossible to tell beforehand what the relation between the weak and the strong sides of Japanese war economics will be in the midst of a great war. This relation will be decisively influenced by the relation of class forces that will arise in the period of preparation for war, in the midst of a great war, and by the progress of that war. Thus, the question becomes transformed into a class problem, for the possibility of standing strain is determined not only by the material and productive resources available, but also by the relation of class forces in the country. The effect of the burdens of war in developing the fundamental class antagonisms, i.e., between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, and between the peasantry and the whole system of bondage to landlordism and finance capital, and the regrouping of class forces that will take place in the camp of the ruling classes as a result of this, will become decisive factors in determining the limits of the war strain the country can stand.

The events of the last two years, which are given no direct reflection in this book, all the more emphasize its political realism. In this connection three developments must be noted. First, during these years the aggressive aspirations of Japanese fascism against the U.S.S.R. as well as the steering of their course for a "great" continental war have come out in sharper relief. Second, and this does not in the least contradict what has just been asserted—the tremendous strengthening of the Soviet Union internally and abroad and the consciousness of Japan's relative weakness, have made extremely acute for the Japanese imperialists the quest for allies or, at the very least, of outside sources of support. Significant in this connection are, on the one hand, the secret anti-Soviet understanding, e.g., the formal or informal alliance of Japan with fascist Germany, and on the other the continuing anti-Soviet activity of Japanese diplomacy and Japanese agents in England, the United States and in other countries. Third, during the same years there have occurred events (Japan's annulment of the Washington naval agreement, the breakdown of the London naval conference, the strengthened tendencies of "expansion to the South") which more tellingly than ever reveal that aggression against the U.S.S.R. does not in the least counter-oppose aggression against Japan's imperialist rivals in the Pacific Ocean—that it is but one of the elements of a single program of Japanese imperialism, foreseeing total expulsion of other powers from China, all Eastern Asia, and the adjoining islands, and the conversion of this whole stupendous sphere into a Japanese colony. All the more convincingly does the warning of our authors sound:

> Those who thought they would be able to warm their hands at the fires of a Japano-Soviet war will wake up to find the conflagration spreading to their own homes. (Page 24.)

In the light of the events of recent years the work of Yohan and Tanin becomes a doubly well-founded warning, directed—not to mention the masses of Japan and the whole world — toward the Japanese imperialists themselves and those elements of the Western bourgeoisie which, in the blindness of class hatred or the laughable theory of "canalization" of aggression, are ready to encourage an anti-Soviet adventure in the Far East. To both we recommend thoughtful reading of this work. The first will perhaps understand that in this game their own heads very soon would be the stake. The second, in a similar manner, will ponder the financial and political prospects of their Japanese clients in the event of war, to think over their share of responsibility for the preservation of peace in the Far East, and over the ultimate world-wide consequences of its violation by aggressive Japanese imperialism.

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Strike Call at Sea

When the news of the seaman's walkout reached this freighter, the officers' mess and a meeting "back aft" raised the issue

By M. A. Oathout

I WAS officers' messboy on the freighter *Independence Hall* when news of the seamen's strike reached us by radio. It was just before dinner-time and I had to leave the noisy, excited crew to hurry forward and set the table in the saloon.

As the meal progressed, the strike came up for discussion. I hung on to every word, trying to learn the details. The captain was hot under the collar and kept ranting against those "damn radicals" as the officers grunted and nodded assent. Plainly, fear of the captain and distrust of each other prevented the officers from expressing their feelings honestly.

But the first mate, a sly, eldery man, started asking naïve questions about the strike. The chief engineer took the bait and explained. He became more and more heated as he developed his theme under the innocent, prodding queries of the mate. His bony, pale forehead flushed and in the end he showed his colors by coming out squarely for the strikers. The ice was broken. The others began to rally round him, weakly at first and then with increasing militancy. Remarks became pointed. The captain, alone in defending the shipowners, suddenly slammed his hand on the table, saying sharply: "I won't have that seditious talk on my ship, so cut it out." There was an awkward silence as he glared up and down the long table. The duration of the meal was quiet.

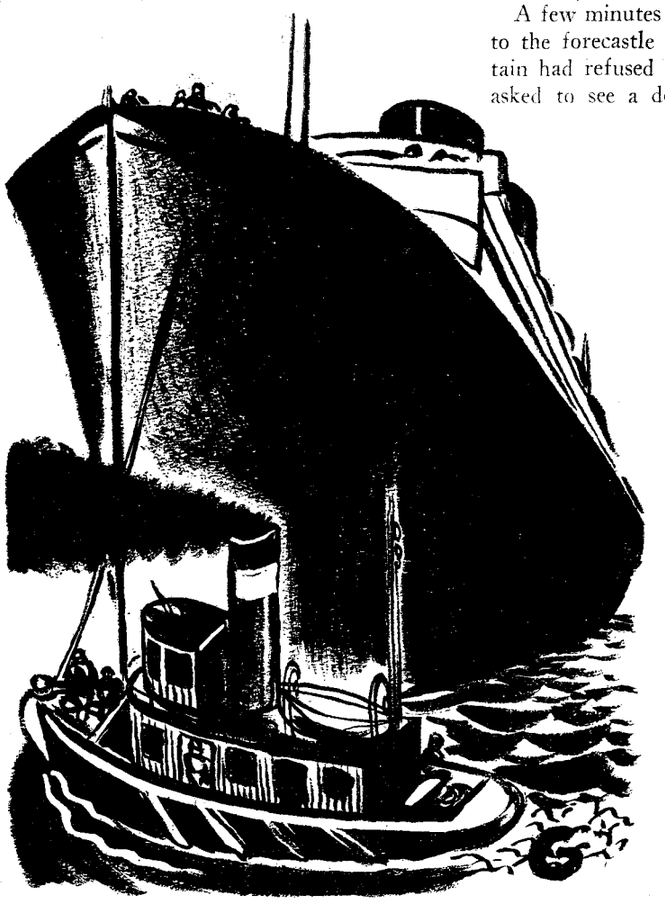
As soon as I finished the dishes, I hurried back aft and found a meeting started. All the unlicensed men were present except the watch on duty and the steward who refused to attend. This rank-and-file strike on both coasts had even the veterans of countless lost strikes stirred up; you could almost feel the pent-up energy looking for an outlet. All sorts of wild motions were proposed, together with short fiery speeches from fellows you would never have suspected had it in them. At last it was decided to send a telegram at once, right from the ship to the strike committee, pledging the complete support of the unlicensed men and asking for orders. Someone got the O. K. of the watch on duty; the money was collected, and together with the message brought to the wireless operator.

A few minutes later the operator came back to the forecastle with the news that the captain had refused to pass the message and had asked to see a delegation from the crew. I went up with two men from the deck and engine departments.

The captain received us with the same expression on his stern, spectacled, typically Republican face that I had seen at dinner when he had brought his officers to order. Only this time it didn't work. The fireman, who had a broken, battered face like a boxer, acted as our spokesman and a strange struggle took place between him and the captain. The fireman threw out his words like solid punches; in some way you could feel the weight of all the men on strike behind him, the men on the ship and the thousands on both coasts. The captain tried severity and then clever words to confuse the workers. But he was only antagonizing us, he could see that.

Whether it was a change of tactics or on the level I don't know, but all at once his face sagged and he said: "You know, I'm only a hired man like you and if I don't work I don't eat. I have to take a hell of a lot of pressure from the shore gang. In a few days we'll be in Havre and you can send your telegram from there. What do you say?"

That touched us and, going sentimental a] in a minute, we let it go at that. We went back aft and explained things to the boys. They understood.



Sketches by Getz

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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The A.F. of L. Convention

AS we go to press, the fifty-sixth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor has been in session several days. Thus far, the policy which the Green leadership has been pursuing is one which is bound to arouse the sharpest disapproval on the part of liberals and radicals everywhere.

As forecast in these pages several weeks ago, the major problem confronting the convention has been the unity of the American labor movement. This is a question which affects not only the A.F. of L., but all the millions of workers in this country, whether they earn their living in the factory or the city room of a newspaper. The extent to which manual and white-collar and professional workers will be able to raise their living standards and protect their rights and interests will depend upon the scope and unity of their organization. The Committee for Industrial Organization has taken a historic step in an imperative direction by proposing the *form* of organization required by conditions today, and by beginning the *work* of organizing the basic industry of steel along industrial and craft lines. Reactionary A.F. of L. leaders met this salutary move by suspending the ten C.I.O. unions.

This was a blow to the unity of American labor which affected not only workers struggling to improve their living standards, but also hampered a movement of vital importance to the majority of the American people. The problem of labor unity is political as well as economic. It is essential to the struggle against fascism as well as for higher wages and shorter hours. For the main object of fascism is to depress the living standards of the people. Its policy, as experience in Europe has shown, is to operate first on the economic field, then in politics, and finally, as a last resort, by force of arms. To defeat fascism in its initial stages, to break its force before it becomes unmanageable, it is imperative for the people to unite their forces. The backbone of this people's front against fascism must of necessity be a strong and *united* labor movement.

That is why the Tampa convention of the A.F. of L. is being watched not only by millions of workers here, but also by liberal and progressive elements everywhere, in Europe and Asia as well as in the United States and Latin America. So far these have found little to encourage them in the actions of William Green and his associates. They did find, however, a good deal to encourage them in the attitude of the majority of the A.F. of L. membership.

In the first two days of the convention, twenty-four resolutions were presented which were favorable to the ten suspended C.I.O. unions illegally suspended. Only three resolutions sustained the high-handed action of the Executive Council. The arithmetic is plain enough. Obviously the overwhelming sentiment of the A.F. of L. membership is against the splitting policy of the Green leadership. The sentiment is clearly for unity.

Despite the attitude of the rank and file, Green and his crowd continue to bar the C.I.O. unions from the conventions and to maintain their suspension. Furthermore, the convention, under the control of the reactionaries, has taken additional steps designed to prevent unity. Without permitting discussion, the dominating reactionaries railroaded through the convention a Red-baiting resolution condemning the maritime strike on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. The resolution pledged the A.F. of L. to render "moral support to all the loyal Atlantic Coast members who refuse to be coerced or stampeded into an outlaw strike."

No more disgraceful resolution has ever been adopted by an A.F. of L. convention. It openly supports strike-breaking; it cynically approves racketeering union officials in the pay of the shipping companies; it gives aid and comfort to every open shopper in the country. And this resolution, designed to strengthen the discredited officials of the International Seamen's Union, at the same time cracks down on supporters of the C.I.O. and further prevents the urgent unity of the American labor movement.

Another discreditable step taken by the Green crowd was the handling of the resolution introduced by the Hotel & Restaurant Employees International Alliance. This provided that all affiliated unions be compelled to admit Negroes to membership. The resolution was rejected. In its place the convention adopted one which urged that "a continuous campaign of education" be carried on against Negro discrimination in the unions. This insult to the Negro people is a repetition of the policy followed at last year's A.F. of L. convention, a policy which President Randolph of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters denounced as "rhetorical camouflage" and "an evasion of the issue." Today the evasion is more criminal than ever, for the unity of the labor movement is more necessary than ever. There can be no possible excuse for Negro discrimination anywhere in this country seventy-two years after the Civil War, above all in the labor movement. When the A.F. of L. keeps Negroes out of the unions it not only aids in the oppression of a great oppressed people, but scabs on itself.

The direct connection between labor unity and the struggle against fascism gives special significance to the attitude of the Tampa convention toward Spain. The reactionary leaders refused to let Isabella de Palencia, Spanish minister to Sweden, address the convention; they did, however, permit other guest speakers to present the case of the Spanish people, among them Francisco de los Rios, Spanish ambassador to the United States. After these speeches were delivered, however, William Green, speaking for the A.F. of L. leadership, again evaded the central issue. He delivered a rambling speech against "all dictatorships of any shade," scored Hitler's persecution of the Jews, but avoided all mention of Spain.

But Spain is today the symbol of the central issue involved. It should warn even Green and his associates that fascism seeks to destroy even the most conservative trade unions; it should stir the A.F. of L. rank and file to the most vigorous fight for that labor unity which is indispensable for the struggle against fascist trends in this country.

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READERS' FORUM

For aid against the Nazis—From an undergraduate and a graduate—More felicitations

● On July 26, 1936, the Federation of German-American Societies of Milwaukee held their Fiftieth annual German Day celebration, 40,000 people attending. At a previous meeting of the federation, delegates voted against raising the Nazi emblem and against having Nazi speakers. However, two representatives of Nazi organizations managed to have themselves elected to the Arrangements Committee and proceeded to invite the German Vice-Consul of Chicago. The Executive Board, hearing of this, met and decided against the speaker, one reason being that an official Nazi representative automatically meant the raising of the Swastika.

On the day of the picnic, the flag of the German Republic was raised together with the American flag. About an hour after the celebration started, a group of Nazi Storm Troopers arrived, tore down the Republican flag and in its place hoisted the Swastika. And in spite of the booing that followed, the German Vice-Consul came upon the platform and managed to make his speech.

At this point, Mr. George Loh, editor of the German liberal paper the *Arbeiter,* who was attending, seeing a move made by Mr. Elmer Lochner, well-known anti-Fascist of Milwaukee, to tear down the Swastika, joined him in this action. The Nazi Storm Troopers surrounding the Swastika set upon them and beat them viciously. Bleeding, with their clothes torn, Loh and Lochner were arrested and held 24 hours on charges of "inciting to riot" on complaints made by Nazis.

At the trial on Oct. 9 and 10, the two defendants were found guilty in spite of the fact that the district attorney could not prove his charge. The defendants appealed immediately, and now await trial in Municipal Court sometime in December.

The defense is now in the hands of a large group of lawyers headed by a former City Attorney of Milwaukee. To carry out such an appeal, approximately $300 is needed.

Because of ill health on the part of the defendants, and because the acquittal of these two well-known anti-Nazi leaders will be an important blow to American Hitler agents, we urge all anti-Fascist readers to join us in this fight against this Nazi-provoked outrage.

Committee for the Defense of George Loh and Elmer Lochner.
218 East 89th St., N. Y. City.

Debs Material Wanted

● I am at work on a biography of Eugene V. Debs. There are undoubtedly many readers in your audience who not only knew Debs but who may also have valuable letters and documents. If these readers will be kind enough to lend me this material temporarily, including anecdotes and recollections of conversations, copies will be made and the originals returned immediately. Correspondence should be addressed to me, 119-20 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens, New York.

JOHN STUART.

How It Happens

● I am a sophomore at a city college. My parents, poor, although they work 18 hours a day, are life-long Democrats, and I was educated to believe in God and the Democratic Party. My friends are for the most part Democrats or Republicans, disliking, as I once did, the "offensive noisiness" of Communist partisans.

These friends would be surprised to know that today I have been awakened. No hand shook me into consciousness, no loud speeches, no brilliant column of words took me from my sleep. But suddenly I knew I was awake and alive, I could think clearly, reason logically. Communism is the solution for my ills and for the social, economic, and moral ills of the world. I recognize and accept this fact; soon others will do likewise. S. A. M.

In the Maryland Free State

● The NEW MASSES is one of the most widely read magazines in the Johns Hopkins University library, and frequently the most in demand.

BALTIMORE READER.

A Negro Scholar

● Current issue of the NEW MASSES [Nov. 10] brought back a nostalgic thought-train today. I was a freshman at the University of California at Los Angeles, time was September 1926, and place Poly-Sci 1A. A beefy red-necked athlete proudly sporting a pledge pin grunted in my ear, "Hear this is a tough prof, and a nigger-lover besides. Yup, has a nigger for a reader."

Awed, I regarded the frail little Ph.D. who thus dared to flout convention. A week later said teacher was unable to come to class, and his "reader" pinch-hit for the hour. I can remember the tall, beautifully built man who strode into the room and gave us one of the best lectures of the year. Handsome, poised, courteous, and cultured, Ralph J. Bunche in one hour did more to break down the barbarous prejudices of that group of freshmen than all of the pamphlets ever written. His brilliant review in your current issue is proof that this youthful impression was not misguided.

You might be interested in my experience at the polls Nov. 3. Having cast my vote for Browder early in the day, I stopped in about 9 p. m. to watch the count. Three tipsy Democrats watching with me cheered each Roosevelt tally. After all votes were counted, with a total of something like 120 for F.D.R. to about thirty for "our Alf," I timidly asked if there were no Socialist or Communist votes. With a happy laugh the election chairman hauled out four ballots. "Can you imagine, four dumb-bells voted for all five presidential candidates. They're void, of course." The worthy Democrats also chortled, "Anyone dumb enough to vote Communist is dumb enough to vote for 'em all." The conclusion is obvious: when a citizen fails to vote for one of the big parties his ballot is voided by stamping in the other candidates. I'd like to know the *real* Browder vote.

A. L.

Greetings on Our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary

MAX LERNER

I AM happy to greet you on your twenty-fifth anniversary. The NEW MASSES, along with its predecessors, the *Liberator* and the *Masses,* have expressed some of the most vigorous forces in American life and—what is more important—have shaped the opinion of a whole generation. It is no small achievement to have maintained a journal of radical thought and action in such a lusty state in the America of war, boom, and depression.

RUTH SUCKOW

THE VITALITY of a genuine radical tradition in American journalism is certainly of the greatest significance. I think that the NEW MASSES has brought new strength and clarity to the position which the old *Liberator* first established. I am pleased to be able to congratulate the magazine on its anniversary.

HOWARD BRUBAKER

AS ONE of the Founding Fathers of the *Masses* I send greetings to its stimulating, valuable successor. I wish the NEW MASSES a long and exciting life—preferably out of jail.

CONFEDERATION OF MEXICAN WORKERS

THERE is no higher task than that of conducting men to the fulfillment of their historic destiny. For this work it is essential to have clear ideas in the individuals and in the masses, requirements that are more important than in any other period when the existing social regime is declining and, out of it, a new one is being born. To divulge, then, the revolutionary ideas, to contribute toward the formation of class consciousness among the proletariat, is the supreme task for the realization of which the men of today may hope.

This task has been fulfilled by NEW MASSES in the United States of America as standard bearer of the future world during the la twenty-five years.

On behalf of the workers of Mexico, I greet NEW MASSES with enthusiasm and with fraternal affection.—VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, *Secretary-General.*

CORLISS LAMONT

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to the NEW MASSES on its twenty-fifth anniversary! I am acquainted with no American magazine which over so long a period has fought so consistently and well for the cause of socialism and the working class.

As one who is unable to accept a number of points in the Communist program I have not infrequently disagreed with the position of the NEW MASSES. But even at such times I have found it a stimulating and valuable part of my education.

I look forward to the day when the NEW MASSES will be one of the leading periodicals in that socialist people's America which it will have helped to create.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

AWFULLY sorry cannot send story as have been working six months on novel stop Have written nothing else stop Best luck congratulations twenty-fifth anniversary will send you a good story for the fiftieth.

ANNA ROCHESTER

THE CAREER of this brilliant child of 1911 has been important and encouraging. Today, more than ever before, the journalists and creative writers grouped about the NEW MASSES have an urgent problem and a challenging opportunity. They are in a unique position for increasing and focusing the scattered little flames of revolutionary interest among the millions of middle-class Americans.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The art of Pushkin—Heyward and Farrell—War and liberalism—Brief notices

IN a recently shown Soviet film, *Gypsies,* one of the characters is a young Communist, a lovable and romantic soul who, in sentimental moments, apostrophizing the ...n or his sweetheart, quotes Pushkin. ...t ...an affectionate poke at the adoration ...a Russian people for their greatest poet. ...e love of Pushkin is rooted in Russia, ...ntedates the revolution. It is the cause ...as some commentators would have it, ...sult) of the official celebration of the ...lary of Pushkin's death for which the ... government is making elaborate prepa... and which has, naturally, intensified ...ar feeling for the poet.

...e Russians, Edmund Wilson believes, are ...le of instinctive good taste in literature; ... is no question of their respect and love ..., a respect and love which, now that it ...distracted and undeformed by the sensa...lism and the exploitation of novelty of ...alist journalism, can have direct and ...aneous expression.

...have heard the charge that Pushkin has ...me a cult figure; but there is a differ... in the love for a great writer when it is ...holastic formality and when it is an ex...ion of a people to whom culture has ...me a common possession, and who find joy and self-fulfillment in it.

Mr. Yarmolinsky, in his introduction (*The Poems, Prose and Plays of Pushkin*, selected and edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Random House. $3.50) mentions that Pushkin is as passionately claimed by Russian émigrés. A literary cynic might laugh over the situation. An advocate of the theory of unimplicated art, of art being above the tumult of ideas, might point to this as a sad example of the confusion partisanship leads to and insist that Reds and Whites are both false claimants.

Nevertheless, Pushkin's sentiments are well known. They are made clear enough in a poem like "Message to Siberia." Byron's influence upon him is a tangential witness. They were the sentiments of rebellious men in his time when the rebels like himself, a nobleman and an army officer, were noblemen and army officers, and when mild liberalism was regarded as revolutionary. The greater part of his life was spent under surveillance, which kept him, as it were, in a spacious prison. He was watched even when he was in the czar's favor. If the émigrés claim him, we must remind ourselves whom our D.A.R., our Liberty League, and our "Jeffersonian" Democrats claim. It does not call for much subtlety, it seems to me, to decide whose claim should be honored.

That Pushkin, the greatest poet of a people who have contributed so richly to world literature, should be little known abroad calls for an explanation. Mr. Yarmolinsky gives it: "The reason for this is not far to seek. His chief medium was verse, and, furthermore, verse that singularly resists translation since it is lacking in imagery and is innocent of intellection, relying for its magic on precision, clarity, and a verbal felicity as palpable as it is difficult to convey. There is something in Pushkin's poetry, irrespective of its substance, as Tschaikovsky observed, which enables it to penetrate to the depths of the soul—that something is its music."

Reading the poems, one notices the lack of striking imagery which, after all, is a species of ideas, and the small dependence in general upon ideas in Pushkin's work. It is not likely, as anyone will realize who knows two languages well enough to compare an original with its translation, that much of Pushkin's verbal felicity is transmitted here in translation. Great translations are virtually original works. But there is a quality in Pushkin's work unstressed by Mr. Yarmolinsky that carries over in translation. This is its warmth. It is hard for me to think of a writer who can match Pushkin's playful, spontaneous, lively, friendly interest in people, in men and women, and never abstractly and never conscientiously as a moral obligation. Even his nature descriptions do not exclude men; indeed we are conscious always of observation directly through the human senses. Nature is not here used as a contrast to man or as a means to belittle man. In Pushkin's romanticism and in the personal tone of most of his writing there is never anything self-isolating or dehumanizing. Nor in his good-humored satire is there any unmanning of man, any bitterness, any capital indictment.

One might say *that* is what is basically revolutionary in his work. All revolutionary movements entered into in the interests of the masses have this in common: they love, they have confidence, they have great hopes in mankind. It is that which differentiates them from the cynicism and callousness of established, class-stratified human groups, whose oppression of men finds one of its rationalizations in a low opinion of man. In the love of humanity that manifests itself in the most trivial of his writings Pushkin is akin to the most serious of revolutionaries. It is sometimes accredited to his tincture of Negro blood, but it is a quality found in the good of all races. It is, I think, no accident that the serf Savelyich, in the novel *The Captain's Daughter*, is its noblest character, for the hero is scarcely more than a personification of the honesty of youth and the devotion and bravery of love.

Random House deserves praise for undertaking this beautifully printed and generously inclusive edition of Pushkin's work in commemoration of the centenary of his death. Mr. Yarmolinsky's editing is keen and discriminating; and in the apportioning of honors Babette Deutsch deserves a large share for her spirited rendering of the major part of the poems included.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

H. A. Blumenstiel

Commercialism and the Artist

LOST MORNING, *by Du Bose Heyward. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50.

IT is curious how many modern novels are competent and bad at the same time. The prose may run smoothly and rapidly, the scenes be adequately realized, the dialogue realistic, the characters not too incredible, the action carefully plotted. And they may be bad because there is no real fusion of competent craftsmanship with a subject which cannot be resisted, with a subject which is important enough and gripping enough to press technical skill into intimate relationship with substance to produce art.

The lack of such a subject, I have always felt, was what made *Porgy, Mamba's Daughters,* and other books of Du Bose Heyward so unsatisfactory. There is humor and sprightliness, there is skill, but the theme never seems of importance to the author. We see caricatured Negroes, moaning or cake-walking or obsequiously trudging their way across the stage to no evident purpose, unless it be to display the author's ability to put characters through their paces.

When I read on the title page of *Lost Morning* the quotation from Lanier: "A man does not reach any stature of manhood until like Moses he kills an Egyptian" (i. e., murders some oppressive prejudice of the all-crushing tyrant, Society), I felt that perhaps here Mr. Heyward had found a theme that would generate a good book. He has found a compelling subject, he has produced a work of

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fiction superior to its predecessors, but not yet a thoroughly good novel.

Lost Morning centers about the ruinous effect of commercialism upon the modern artist. Felix Hollister once showed promise as a sculptor; attractive and grasping Miriam married him and taught him to do the better-selling etchings, weaning him, by luxury, from impractical ideals of beauty. After twenty years profitably wasted at such etchings, Leslie Morgan, his secretary, wins him back to art by her love, and, although she dies, causes him to take up in old age where he had left off as an idealistic youth.

The trouble with the book is not that the commercial forces that lead Hollister astray are presented ineptly; his wife, with her mixture of charm, ruthlessness, and low cunning, is thoroughly convincing; so are the minor exploiters of his art and the forces in capitalism that motivate them and degrade Hollister. The trouble is that one never really regrets very much Hollister's desertion of the ideal of beauty, that one is not convinced he ever had anything to say. And at the last, although he has had good reason to know the evils in the society about him, he returns, complacent and untouched, to the modelling of figures, whose significance, one feels, will hardly be increased by being produced in the garret to which he has fled.

Nevertheless, this novel causes one to look with hopefulness to Mr. Heyward's future. He has become conscious of what capitalist society does to art; if he also learns that coming out into the world and examining it critically is more likely to produce good art than succumbing in a sculptor's garret to the hypnotic form of a girlish breast, he may write a novel of real significance.

JOHN THAYER.

Sing No Elegy Theodor Gilien

And Now Danny O'Neill

A WORLD I NEVER MADE, *by James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press.* $2.50.

READERS of *Studs Lonigan* already know something of Danny O'Neill. He was the youngster whose talent for baseball Studs envied, who later outraged the community by repudiating his religion at the University of Chicago, and whose brother and sister were observed marching in a Red parade. This same Danny O'Neill is the hero of a new chronicle, alleged to be autobiographical, of which *A World I Never Made* is the first instalment. Presumably the forthcoming parts will follow a course new to Mr. Farrell's work, the course of university life and radicalism. But *A World I Never Made* takes off from the same point at which *Studs Lonigan* took off; namely, from childhood in the dreary barrens of South Side Chicago. It is a question whether this subject was not pretty well canvassed in the earlier work, and whether, if so, the O'Neill chronicle might not have begun farther on. Has Mr. Farrell simply unraveled *Studs Lonigan* and begun knitting all over again with the same wool?

Mr. Farrell's characters repeat themselves endlessly in their talk, and so in a sense does Mr. Farrell's work. Yet in this reviewer's opinion it is not a case of literal reiteration by any means, but rather of new effects and visions resulting from fresh recombinations and fresh attacks on the familiar material. Thus *A World I Never Made* is a more concentrated study of family life than any contained in the earlier work. It shows a stronger, tighter technique, a greater power of suggestion. And all this together has made possible not only another devastating narrative of twentieth-century life, but one whose roots and causes are exposed with more sharpness than before.

Chicago in 1911; two related Irish Catholic families, the O'Flahertys and the O'Neills: the first-named belonging to the middle-class fringe, prospering on the whole, but always fearful for their security; the other a worker's family, deep in poverty and getting deeper as their numbers increase with a terrible regularity. Young Dan O'Neill, who is being raised by his better-to-do relatives, the O'Flahertys, much against his father's wishes, provides a point of contact and conflict between the two families, an issue for their brittle passions. Peg O'Flaherty's intrigue with a wealthy grafter and her brother's experiences and reveries as a shoe salesman on the road are other motives; but compared with the ripeness of the inner-family scenes, they suffer from being underdone.

These family scenes owe their effectiveness quite as much to Farrell's ever-growing talent for dialogue as to his detailed knowledge of the modern family. Dramatic in an entirely literal sense, the pages of pure dialogue outnumber and outweigh the pages of comment. And in fact, owing to its remarkable creativeness, its capacity for calling up spontaneously the whole complex of gestures, tones, and motives at a given moment, this dialogue really renders comment and stage direction all but unnecessary. With this well-developed instrument Mr. Farrell creates his O'Neills and O'Flahertys, a violent and repulsive lot despite the author's intention to do justice to the human average. Their religion, reduced to the crudest superstition, serves them only as a primitive means for explaining hostile forces or as a means of escape. Their vindictiveness is bred by the toughness of the struggle for existence: when it is the O'Flahertys against the O'Neills, this vindictiveness takes the form of class vanity—envy for the well-to-do or contempt for poverty, contempt for the laboring man, "the long-jawed pauper smelling of manure." When it is the whole family against the world, then it takes the form of race vanity, contempt for Negroes, Italians, Germans, Jews. And their relations with

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each other consist by turns of melodramatic quarrels and maudlin love feasts.

"Typically" Irish, perhaps, this alternation of extreme states of sentiment and anger, but Farrell succeeds in making it symbolic of the emotional instability and, in effect, unrealness which prevails so widely under the pressures of modern society. Of all the mature characters in the book, perhaps Jim O'Neill, the teamster, alone possesses emotional integrity. Jim is not made of different stuff from the rest. Essentially he is made of the same stuff, raging like the others, moping, melting, indulging himself in escapist fantasies inspired by hopes for his children's future. His attitude towards his wife, Lizz (a strong portrait in poverty-bred violence), is only critical in an intermittent, half-conscious fashion. Jim's feelings are thus merely several degrees more genuine than those of the others; but for this superiority, his awareness of himself as a worker and his vague pride in his class are clearly responsible. The other characters have no pride, only vanity. And Jim alone appreciates the irony of that little prosperity in which the O'Neills at length find themselves, as a result of damages collected from a "Wop," a poor teamster like Jim, who had run over their son.

A man comes to a hell of a pass [says Jim] when he has more money than he ever had before because his oldest son was run over by a wagon and got his leg broken.

It is an achievement for Farrell's art as a novelist that Jim should possess this unmistakable superiority over the others while remaining entirely within their world. And it gives *A World I Never Made* a positive significance which was not to be found in the practically unrelieved petty-bourgeois desolation of *Studs Lonigan*. FRED DUPEE.

Two on War

SAGITTARIUS RISING, *by Cecil Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.50.

AND WE ARE CIVILIZED, *by Dr. Wolfgang Ackerman. Covici, Friede.* $2.50.

BOTH these books of personal experiences in the world war are interesting. Both are worth reading. And yet both are only further additions to a mass of literature which, to give it full credit, is often honest writing. It is straightforward and felt from the marrow. But only too often, hopeless as it is (although not consciously jingoistic), it is politically naïve and in effect far from anti-war.

Take *Sagittarius Rising*. As a literary piece of work, it is far above the usual war book. A young British "public school" (private boarding school to you) kid of sixteen joins the air force to retire at the age of twenty with the rank of senior flight-commander. He writes movingly of flying. He can make a plane talk. He'd rather take his chances coming down in flames than below in the trenches where war and corpses stink and you're just so much cattle. His "British" (and upper-middle-class) individualism just oozes out of these often lyrical memoirs. His love of nature, clear skies, "a bird on the wing," is done well enough to run you into the first aviation recruiting office.

There is no understanding of the reasons for war and at best only a humanitarian sympathy for its victims.

In China, following the war, Cecil Lewis—for he is *still* an Englishman—is not taken in by "the crashing bore the whole show was." He honestly could not stomach the imperialist Babbitts, the visiting cards dropped at the houses of those by whom he wished to be recognized. The hierarchy: from the British minister, through the "legation and consular satellites" down to "a nondescript selection of people who might be useful." And no more understanding of the boiling caldron of millions of exploited Chinese than he had of the world war.

It's a shame, really. Here's teeming life and an honest attempt to give it expression. And it tragically ends in a jacket with a photograph of the handsome author which we'll get again only when Clark Gable has his autobiography ghosted. Put on a higher intellectual plane, of course, with even a blurb by George Bernard Shaw in which he says: "Cecil Lewis had all the noble tastes and qualities, love of nature, love of beauty, love of poetry, soaring imagination, and physical gifts that eventually carried him to a height of six feet four inches, with a brilliant endowment of good looks. He could have won his Military Cross and his promotion on his appearance alone." Oh, Clark Gable, Sagittarius rising! (Ninth sign of the zodiac. Dominated by Jupiter, denoting in the character gaiety and a love of sport [!].)

Thelma Kathan

"She wants a governess who knows all the arguments against communism."

An Austrian army officer, now a surgeon in this country, writes another version of the war in *And We Are Civilized*. Also an honest book, with a deeper sympathy for the mass of humanity. He saw the butchery on the Russian front, the bestiality of the officers, prostitution, slaughter of millions, birth of the Revolution (the Russian soldiers singing: "The czar was frightened, proclaimed a manifest, Freedom for the dead; for the living, arrest.")

Although not as well written as the first book, one gets a warmer, more understanding feeling here. And still it lets you down.

Out of it he cries in anguish: "Has any country . . . men whom it justly could call leaders? No! We are doomed! . . . We masses do the fighting and are the first to be destroyed . . . in this despicable business. . . . Can the few who control and instigate our slaughter actually believe that their profits will be as valuable when the nations shall have been torn to shreds?"

And in the next breath: "Of course profiteers will exist as long as mankind endures!" (Shades of Kingsley's *Ten Million Ghosts!*)

All he asks is that the profiteers stop the killing and go into "these uninhabitable swamps" where men are killed, and "make them susceptible of cultivation"!

It's all sad. Here are two readable and often moving books on the horrors of war, written some twenty years after. Meanwhile Fascism has risen in Germany. Spain is torn to shreds. Human beings are still being gutted for profit in many sections of the world. In America we are not so certain now that it won't happen here. And instead of books of war experience which are illumi-

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nated with analysis and program to avoid this mad crematory, we are given two books which are still hopelessly twenty years behind the times. Not bad books, either—more's the pity. WALT CARMON.

Twenty Years of Liberalism

THE NEW REPUBLIC ANTHOLOGY 1915-1935, *edited by Groff Conklin, introduction by Bruce Bliven. Dodge Publishing Co.* $3.

ANYONE wishing to make a study of the liberal mind in America during the past two decades—and to a considerable extent, the statement will apply to the liberal mind of Britain and the rest of the world as well—could probably find no better textbook, certainly no better collection of laboratory material, than is afforded by the ably edited anthology which Groff Conklin has compiled from the bulky files (eighty-six volumes of 800 pages, we are told) of America's leading liberal weekly, the *New Republic*.

In this volume of more than 550 pages, with something like 150 contributors and representative selections, we have the thoughtfully chosen specimens, and Mr. Bliven of the magazine's staff, in an introduction which agreeably confines itself to the data and refrains from any horn-tooting, provides us with a highly useful key to the whole. This he does chiefly through excerpts from statements of the late Herbert Croly, the *New Republic's* founding editor, in enlightening juxtaposition to a statement published by the editors in 1935, five years after Croly's death.

Herbert Croly came out of that sibylline decade, 1900-10, in which, between the Dreyfus affair and the World War, so much of the world's history and mankind's fate lay darkly brewing. His *The Promise of American Life*, 1909, was the first ideological promise of a fuller life for these states. The *New Republic* followed as a logical, almost an inevitable, outgrowth. As Mr. Conklin observes, the publication might well have nailed to its masthead the words of Rebecca West in the opening number: "We must lash down humanity to the world with thongs of wisdom. We must give her an unsurprisable mind." Those "thongs of wisdom" and that "unsurprisable mind" come near to constituting the essence of the liberal-journalistic ideal.

We find Croly beginning with the ideal of restoring power to the disfranchised majority—"not," as Mr. Bliven reminds us (and this is significant), "with the aim of a classless society, but one in which the classes can meet on approximately even terms." Yet he has constantly the liberal's haunting distrust of what might happen, should that disfranchised majority venture to seize what is its own. In other words, he distrusts and even fears those very masses to whom he is devoting his intellectual energies. He has the liberal's faith in the regenerateness even of capitalists, in the value of "full and fair discussion," and in the advisability of breaking up "the unmanageable class conflict into minor specific manageable conflicts."

Compare this with the *New Republic's* editorial statement of 1935: "we shall . . . hold the door open for the expression of opinion and the exercise of reason among those who are moving toward a collectivist society. We hope to participate, within the ranks of those who believe as we do that capitalism has outlived its usefulness, in the difficult search for objective truth. . . ."

The finest thing that can be said of the *New Republic* is that it has steadily and self-consistently grown. Launched almost synchronously with the World War, it found itself at the outset compelled to grow quickly and a bit daringly, from a contemplated organ of American intellectual and social life into one for the expression of the enlightened liberal thought of two continents. It has never at any time stopped growing. Its progress, which has always been self-educating, is distinctly and ever more and more in a Leftward direction. It is without a doubt the outstanding force in American liberalism.

As for the contributors, it would be out of the question to begin listing them here. The volume is by way of being a map of American letters as well as of American social, political, and economic thought for the decades covered, with distinguished additions from England and from France; but the social, not unnaturally, dominates the literary. Read Croly's magnificently prophetic paper on "War and Revolution," published in March 1917, and you will have the flavor of the whole. SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Brief Reviews

THE BIBLE, *Designed to be Read as Living Literature, arranged and edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75.

THE BIBLE IN ART, *with 750 black-and-white illustrations and twelve in full color. Assembled with commentary by Clifton Harby. Covici, Friede.* $5.

Each year the distribution of bibles during the previous year is announced; the total is always staggering and the unfailing comment is made that the Bible is still the world's best seller. Of the million or more bibles distributed each year, however, the proportion of those read must be small and the proportion of those read with comfort must be smaller still. To offset the difficulty of reading it as printed in the traditional form, new editions have been issued. Thus far new modern versions in English, lacking translators of equal art, have fallen short of the King James version. Mr. Bates's editing, modernizing the spelling only, omitting genealogies and ritual redundancies, printing what is poetry in the original as poetry and the prose as prose and rearranging material where necessary, preserves the King James version except where the Revised version is regarded as preferable. By now it is trite to say that the Bible is essentially the *literature* of the Jewish people over a considerable period of its history. It contains also its social and political philosophy; in the chronicles it reflects the class war and the struggles of a small state against imperialism. Much of what is most universally admired in it are those protests and visions of social change which make the Bible the repository of some of the greatest revolutionary literature yet produced.

To look into Mr. Harby's assemblage of Bible art is to find immediate and living refutation of per-

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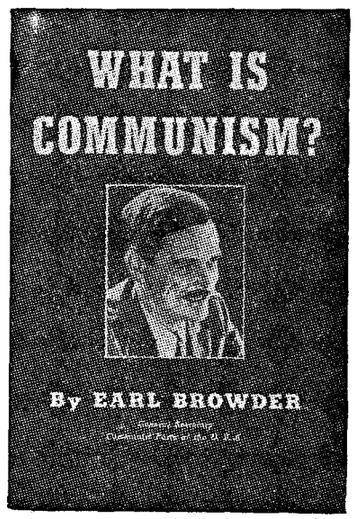

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sistent fallacies about art. Here is propaganda that ranks among the greatest achievements of art; and here is story—so scorned in modern theory—without dilution of æsthetic value. Obviously when the artist *believes* in it, no subject matter prevents æsthetic fulfillment; and by the example of this art revolutionary painting need be judged by the measure of the artist's conviction, not by the nature of his subject matter. Mr. Harby's collection is a magnificent one, but half-tone reproduction would have been preferred to the offset process used.

AN OLD HEART GOES A-JOURNEYING, *by Hans Fallada. Simon & Schuster.* $2.50.

Fallada has abandoned the depressing pessimism and resignation of his earlier books to write a charming fantasy about an oppressed Cinderella, an unworldly professor who comes to her aid, and a villainous villain who overworks her, underfeeds her, and tries to steal her inheritance. But although the book is a fantasy set in 1912, it has sufficient relevance to the contemporary German situation to put one in mind of the devices which revolutionary writers found necessary in the Russia of the czars. For three years Schlieker (Hitler?) has been oppressing and robbing Rosemarie (the German workers?), but now she has organized an underground conspiracy among the children of the village to make the village a fit place to live. With the aid of the professor and the doctor (the intellectuals?) Schlieker is defeated and justice triumphs. The Nazis may regard the children's conspiracy as a proper satire on the German revolutionary movement, but the children represent the future and it is the future that wins. The Reich has accused of cowardice those German writers who avoid the present in their books, but it may be that Fallada, with his fantasy of before the war, is a brave man.

ROBERT GORDON.

★

Also Published This Week

(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

Jill Somerset, by Alec Waugh. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50. Novel.

Let Them Eat Caviar, by George Abell and Evelyn Gordon. Dodge. $2.50. Social life in the national capital.

Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Lead Belly, transcribed, selected, and edited by John A. and Alan Lomax. Macmillan. $3.00. Life and songs of a Negro convict.

Tonight at 8:30. by Noel Coward. Doubleday. Doran. $2.75. Nine one-act plays opening in New York this week.

Recently Recommended

The Truth About the Liberty League, by Grace Hutchins. International Pamphlets. 2c.

Audubon, by Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace & Co. Illustrated. $3.

The Maxims of La Rochefoucauld. Newly translated with a foreword by Louis Kronenberger. Stackpole Sons. $1.75.

'T Ain't Right, by Westbrook Pegler. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Reasons for Anger, by Robert Briffault. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

Bitter Victory, by Louis Guilloux, translated by Samuel Putnam. McBride. $2.50. War novel.

Courthouse Square. by Hamilton Basso. Scribner's. $2.50. Novel of the South.

Æsop Said So, lithographs by Hugo Gellert. Covici, Friede. $1.75. Fables in modern dress.

Mexico: A Revolution by Education, by George I. Sánchez. Viking. $2.75.

The War in Outline, by Liddell Hart. Random House. $2. A critical history of strategy.

How to Run a War, by Bruce Winton Knight. Knopf. $2. An unsentimental blueprint for warmongers.

Caleb Catlum's America, by Vincent McHugh. Illustrated by George T. Hartmann. Stackpole. $2.50. Tall tales with sociological overtones.

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T. FRANIN

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"200 Were Chosen" and "Johnny Johnson"—Three concert series—Glamour girls and boys

AGAIN and again during the showing of *200 Were Chosen*, E. P. Conkle's play about the farmers who were settled in Alaska last year by the federal government, the neck hairs of the audience rose in bristling wrath at some specially outrageous display of government bureaucracy or, more especially, at the spectacle of the naked force of the army deciding the issue of a question which had every right to be solved by reason alone. And again and again the onlookers exulted in some new expression by the heterogeneous lot of hardened individualists of their love of work and the tools of work, and of their inchoate but gradually crystallizing sense of collective interest and collective power. Mr. Conkle, plus Sidney Harmon and the Actors Repertory Company who produced it, plus director Worthington Miner and the acting company, have rung a lot of bells in this production. Long may they chime.

You probably recall the newsreel and newspaper fanfare when the 200 went off to Mantanuska Valley—indeed, if you have been around much, you probably recall that you had a sinking feeling about these folks who were going off so high-heartedly, to be at the mercy of the army and of a situation where picket lines and leaflets could not help them to obtain redress of inevitable grievances; and you probably recall the news of a scarlet-fever epidemic and the vague reports of "trouble" which was ascribed to "agitators." Well, here's the whole small harrowing heroic story. Where Mr. Conkle got his dope doesn't appear, but in the main it rings painfully true.

Which doesn't mean the play is painful. Rather, it is very easy to watch and to get excited about. You may feel a small sense of annoyance that no one character sees the situation plain, but it is a safe guess that the piecemeal vision, finally patched together, while it is somewhat unconventional drama, is pretty close to life.

It would be hard to praise the acting company too highly. There are a dozen fine performances, among which must be included those by Anthony Ross, Paula Bauersmith, Will Geer, Charles Jordan, Neill O'Malley, and Aldrich Bowker. Perhaps it would be legitimate to complain that Miss Bauersmith, whose lank auburn grace dominated most of her scenes, and Mr. O'Malley, were too frequently permitted or directed to stand erect and motionless at center-stage, smiling steadfastly or dead-pan, while someone else made a speech to them. But such a complaint would be drowned out in the applause.

The Group Theatre's *Johnny Johnson* is one of the strangest items ever to come to Broadway. Here is a play about a pure idea, so to speak, clothed in human flesh and bone, who does his work well, falls in love, volunteers with the U. S. army in the World War, succeeds in stopping it for a brief moment, gets himself, as a consequence, sent to the booby hatch, whence he emerges finally to fade out, a street-corner toy seller, on one of Donald Oenslager's horizons. And the whole job is done now in simple realistic dramatic narrative, now in didactic song, almost troubadour style, and now in frank and arresting symbolism. It is something like a Dos Passos novel in its variation of pace and device. Johnny Johnson is that unreal man who is completely honest with himself and his neighbors and has limitless confidence in the power of the pure truth in its verbal form to win through against any odds. His effort as a private soldier to stop the war by explaining to the Germans and to his own buddies that it's cockeyed, and that since neither of them want to fight, all they need do is stop, is the sharpest expression of this point of view. Of course in this effort, as in others more comical, he is decisively defeated by the world organized on a non-verbal basis of force. Whether Paul Green intended this as the lesson, or whether he merely wanted to follow through to their logical conclusion the efforts of a simple man to do right, is difficult to say. What can be said is that the Group Theatre's new production is often highly comic, often touching, hauntingly captivating when Kurt Weill's songs are being sung (albeit none too well), and sometimes telling in its satire on the willingness of *Homo sapiens* to let himself be led around by the nose. Lee Strasberg has done a fine job of handling a difficult script, and Morris Carnovsky and Russell Collins give memorable expression to their roles.

A. W. T.

MUSIC

CHALK it up to the credit of the imaginatively sensible program makers of the W.P.A. concerts, the iconoclastic Mr. Hirschmann, and the catholic Mr. Lange: rusty bolts have been forced and a long-barred window flung open to let a breath of fresh air into the septic atmosphere of New York's concert halls. The Sunday papers still publish interminable lists of programs as unappetizing as dog-wagon menus, and there is no end to the parade of musical stooges who sweat and scream on the stage for bored and adoring audiences. "He plays so fast!" "With such expression!" But there are three series where there is real music making and vital musical absorption, where houses are sold out to attentive audiences without the use of headline names, polite blackmail of friends and relatives, or prodigal papering.

Scheel

The musical gospel according to the Bachs from the W.P.A., the full richness of the Beethoven and Brahms chamber repertories from Hirschmann's New Friends of Music, the forgotten giants and contemporary experimenters from Lange's chamber orchestra. . . . One can have nothing but praise for the first two series, as admirably carried out as they are soundly planned. The Philharmonic-Symphony Chamber Orchestra, however, only partially fulfills its potentialities. The series is too short (five concerts) and the tickets are too expensive. And this year's policy of giving old and new music on the same program works out less effectively in performance than on paper.

To say that old music should be heard with cleansed ears and refreshed minds is not to imply that we must be as little children to reënter a lost paradise. The straight evolutionary theory of music history (as thoroughly discredited as it is still widespread) is responsible for the too-common idea that the oldtimers were naïve, spontaneous, and charming pioneer-prophets of more complex and sophisticated later composers. (Some of the greatest of the oldsters were perhaps too sophisticated, even decadent; far from jolly adventurers or humble foundation builders, they were century enders rounding out an epoch, marking a definitive completion of a particular stage of development from which their successors had to revolt and strike off at a new angle.) If we think that their idiom is simple it is because the modern harmonically trained ear—analyzing what it hears vertically—tends to find only transparency and a lack of color. The polished craftsmanship, the intricate thinking are not revealed until we are able to follow simultaneous horizontal lines and weigh the exquisite placement of the parts. Not until then can we appreciate the "infinite richness in a little room." Within the strict limitations is an astonishing variety, a nuance of color and delicacy of mesh whose subtlety is quite lost on ears stopped with the thick wax of Wagnerian sonorities and Debussyan ninths. And while many contemporary composers are more closely akin to the older men than to their immediate ancestors, they must make use of

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the new resources at their disposal or become pedantic archeologists. Even the most intelligent and alert audience cannot make the necessary sudden adjustments and do full justice to both old and new.

If the Lange series cannot be split into two, the moderns might well be left to other and probably more sympathetic hands and the present restrictions removed to give Lange the role to which he laid claim in his memorable first concert of last season. As exponent of the neglected instrumental ensemble works of seventeenth-, sixteenth-century, and earlier giants, he has the opportunity of contributing immeasurably to our musical experience.

Even as it is, the fresh air is eddying in. Barbirolli and Koussevitzky must have caught a whiff of it, for their scheduling (within a fortnight) of five unfamiliar symphonies of Mozart, Haydn, and Schubert is something of a record. The Boston Symphony's first New York visit gave us the Mozart No. 29 (K. 201) and the Haydn No. 102, which, with an excerpt from *The Fairy's Kiss* of Stravinsky and Messiaen's *Les Offrandes Oubliées,* certainly do nothing to detract from Koussevitzky's reputation as a catholic program maker. Barbirolli confirms a similar if lesser reputation with the Schubert No. 2 and Haydn's No. 97, plus Mozart's No. 33 (K. 319) announced for Sunday, November 29.

It is perhaps too much to hope that these symphonies get the same treatment as a modern "novelty." The usual fate of such revivals is that of a filler-in, an agreeable and approved interlude in which the players run through their notes and the listeners through the program editor's with the same disdain of the music's deeper implications. Haydn is the great musical martyr in this respect. He has been sentenced for eternity as Papa Haydn, and all his tonal testimony in rebuttal is never weighed in evidence. I should like to preface every Haydn performance with the true talk of Michel Brenet: "The smallness of the frame, astonishing at first and at which some are inclined to smile, envelopes the minutest details in an atmosphere of intimacy in which the charm of very simple language is felt. One submits to it willingly, and it is only later, when the time comes for analysis and reflection, that one discovers how wrong was the first impression of a childish, spontaneous art. Haydn sings ingenuously, from the depth of his heart: composes scientifically with all his intelligence."

R. D. DARRELL.

THE SCREEN

DANGEROUS curves and soft shoulders are something we customarily associate with the more scientific reaches of modern highway administration, but to Hollywood, it seems, they are more of an adjunct to the trackless desert. You may remember that Marlene Dietrich's first American film, *Morocco,* ended with her dangerous curves and soft shoulders silhouetted against the Sahara afterglow; well, it seems her meanderings have come full circle (after cinematic sojourning in Shanghai, Buenos Aires, old Spain, and other way stations), and she is back in the desert again, in *The Garden of Allah,* looking for and losing That Something. With the circle complete, we hope that brand of Dietrich exploitation is done for. She has a lot besides wistfulness and what is sometimes known as *mnyah.* Her song-and-dance act in *Morocco,* her caperings and quick-change volatility in *Dishonor* show she has plenty besides tapering legs and a ten-ton look. We say let her try a little knockabout comedy or brainwork for a while.

And the same goes for Charles Boyer, the renegade Trappist monk in *The Garden of Allah,* who is well on his way to being nailed to the cross of glamour. In the British *Thunder in the East* he came to victorious grips with a difficult, stylized role as the Japanese naval-officer husband of Merle Oberon (who is likewise in danger of glamour crucifixion; she was originally slated for Dietrich's role in *Allah*). It will be too darn bad if he and Miss Dietrich and Miss Oberon have their effectiveness (and, ultimately, their box-office value) blasted by that stereotype. Greta Garbo's history since *Anna Christie* is an example of what can happen.

Perhaps this all goes back to the old saw that a girl who's a knockout doesn't have to be bright. We have no notion, of course, how Mae West or her producers view this question, but the fact remains that to a greater extent than any other star whose vehicles are based on sex appeal, she insists on cerebration. *Go West, Young Man* continues that tradition. Based upon the stage success, *Personal Appearance,* Miss West's film keeps that story virtually intact, and adds a few touches worth adding. It can be definitely classed as a picture to be seen.

Beauty of another sort is to be seen in *The Son of Mongolia,* Amkino's new release at the New York Cameo, which was made in the Mongolian People's Republic. Peter Ellis will review it at length in the coming issue.

ROBERT WHITE.

THE DANCE

ESTHER JUNGER, for a young dancer, has received considerable press notice, built up a bit of a reputation, principally for her Broadway work in *Life Begins At 8:40* and *Parade.* To a certain extent, her prestige as a dancer is understandable; she moves pleasingly enough about the stage, and while she exhibits little ability to develop a theme logically and to climax, she projects a not unpleasant theatrical personality across the footlights. Her great virtue lies in her ability to say comparatively nothing with a great deal of ease; the audience may relax. If Miss Junger has plunged into the urgent currents of simple human relationships, it has been to produce a sentimental *Song For The Dead,* a completely obvious (lady-of-dubious-character) *Inertia,* a *Negro Theme* that is typically tourist, if not cartoon, and a *Soap-Box* whose

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equivocal qualities save it from being simply ugly.

It was expected from its title that the new *Dance for Tomorrow,* to music by Jerome Moross, would carry Esther Junger into the social current; it didn't; nor did it indicate any new development in the technical or ideological basis of the dancer's work. For all purposes, the composition might have been labeled *Dance for Yesterday Afternoon,* and more appropriately.

It is to be hoped *Dance for Tomorrow* is rather an unfortunate title for a not significant series of abstract patterns in a syncopated tempo, and not a manifesto.

OWEN BURKE.

★

The Radio

(Times given are Eastern Standard, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups. Readers are asked to report at once any anti-working-class bias expressed by these programs or their sponsors.)

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

Inter-American Peace Conference. A number of featurized programs, plus broadcasts of the conference sessions, will be sent out by the National Broadcasting Company, starting with an interview with John W. White, New York *Times* correspondent in Buenos Aires, at 11:15 p.m., Mon., Nov. 30, N.B.C. red. Secretary Hull and others: 10 p.m., Tues., Dec. 1, N.B.C. blue. Additional broadcasts at 11:15 p.m., Wed., Dec. 2, N.B.C. blue and 11.15 p.m., Thurs., Dec. 3, N.B.C. blue.

REGULAR FEATURES

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, John Barbirolli conducting, Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.

Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Fridays at 10 p.m., Columbia.

Seattle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia.

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow Conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia.

Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m., Columbia.

Waring's Pennsylvanians, Tuesdays at 9 p.m., rebroadcast to West Coast at midnight, Columbia.

André Kostelanetz's Orchestra. Wednesdays at 9 p.m. and Fridays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

"Your Hit Parade," Saturdays at 10 p.m., Columbia.

Eddie Cantor and others. Sundays at 8:30 p.m., rebroadcast to West Coast, 11 p.m., Columbia.

Rudy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. blue.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m., Columbia.

Raymond Gram Swing, commenting on international affairs. Fridays at 9 p.m., Mutual.

The March of Time. Thursdays at 10:30 p.m., Columbia.

LOCAL

Sidney Kaufman, discussing current movies, Fridays at 9 p.m., Station W2XR, N. Y.

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

The Son of Mongolia. The first native film to come from the Mongolian People's Republic, at the Cameo, N. Y.

Theodora Goes Wild. Irene Dunne as a comedienne in a pretty funny satire on American middle-class life.

As You Like It. Elisabeth Bergner as a light-footed Rosalind.

The Loves of Toni (55th Street, N. Y.). A French film with a class understanding.

Millions of Us, a fine labor short. Watch for it in your locality.

Carnival in Flanders (*La Kermesse Héroique*—Fimarte, 202 W. 58th St., N. Y.). A prize-

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25th anniversary issue

NEW MASSES

Double-size $1 Dec. 15th, 1936

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"DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM," a lecture by DAVID RAMSEY, Fri., Dec. 18, 8 p.m.; Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. Adm. in adv. 25c, at door 35c. Auspices: People's Forum. Tickets at all People's bookshops.

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Nine Days a Queen. Nova Pilbeam and Cedric Hardwicke in a film about Lady Jane Grey.

The Theater

THUMBS UP

Johnny Johnson (44th Street, N. Y.). The season's first production by the Group Theatre, by Paul Green. Kurt ("Dreigroschenoper") Weill wrote the music for this saga of an honest man.

Two Hundred Were Chosen (48th Street, N. Y.). E. P. Conkle's stirring play about the Alaskan "resettled" group, with Paula Bauersmith, Will Geer, Charles Jordan, and others.

It Can't Happen Here, Sinclair Lewis's anti-fascist novel dramatized by the W. P. A., at the following theaters: Adelphi, N. Y.; Jefferson, Birmingham, Ala.; Mayan and Figueroa (Yiddish), Los Angeles; Columbia, San Francisco; Baker, Denver; Park, Bridgeport, Conn.; Palace, Hartford, Conn.; Blackstone, Chicago; Keith, Indianapolis; Repertory, Boston; Lafayette, Detroit; City, Newark, N. J.; Warburton, Yonkers, N. Y.; Carter, Cleveland; Moore, Seattle; Scottish Rite, Tacoma.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *Iolanthe,* which will continue through Saturday, Nov. 28, will be followed by three days of *Patience.*

Hamlet (Imperial, N. Y.). John Gielgud as the Dane, plus Lillian Gish, Judith Anderson, and Arthur Byron.

Tovarich (Plymouth, N. Y.). Slightly slanderous but very entertaining comedy with a swell cast, including a newcomer, Marta Abba.

The Art Galleries

Anti-War Art. A showing of five centuries' work along this line, sponsored by the American Artists' Congress and the Artists' Union of Chicago, at the Michigan Square Building.

Elias Goldberg. Seventeen oils, Another Place, 43 West 8th St., N. Y.

Judson Briggs. Twenty-four oils, Uptown Gallery, 249 West End Ave., N. Y.

Tromka. Oils and drawings, A.C.A. Gallery, 52 West 8th St., N. Y.

Living American Art—Reproductions of many distinguished moderns. 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

American Artists School. An exhibition of photographs by Margaret Bourke-White and Ruth Rozaffy.

Soviet Art. Squibb Gallery, Fifth Ave. and 57th St., N. Y.

Phonograph Recordings

POPULAR

Red, Hot, and Blue. If you *must* have the undistinguished tunes from this hit muscial show, here are some of the possibilities: Guy Lombardo plays "Ridin' High" on Victor 25440; Eddy Duchin gives us "It's Delovely" (minus Ethel Merman) and "You've Got Something" on Victor 25432; Leo Reisman, playing for Brunswick, does the same combination.

Blues. Enthusiasts should lend an ear to Sasey Bill's rendering of "Gonna Take My Time" and "We Gonna Move," both on Vocalion 03373, and also remember that the same firm made the older highly satisfactory "Back Door" and "Front Door" blues.

Benny Goodman and His Orchestra. This capable outfit has just done "Organ Grinder's Swing" in Jimmy Mundy's arrangement and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on Victor 25445.

Note: Keep your ears open for tunes from Beatrice Lillie's forthcoming *The Show Is On,* which will be recorded by Teddy Wilson and Bunny Berigan for Brunswick, and probably by Guy Lombardo for Victor. Hoagy ("Rockin' Chair" and "Washboard Blues") Carmichael wrote the score.

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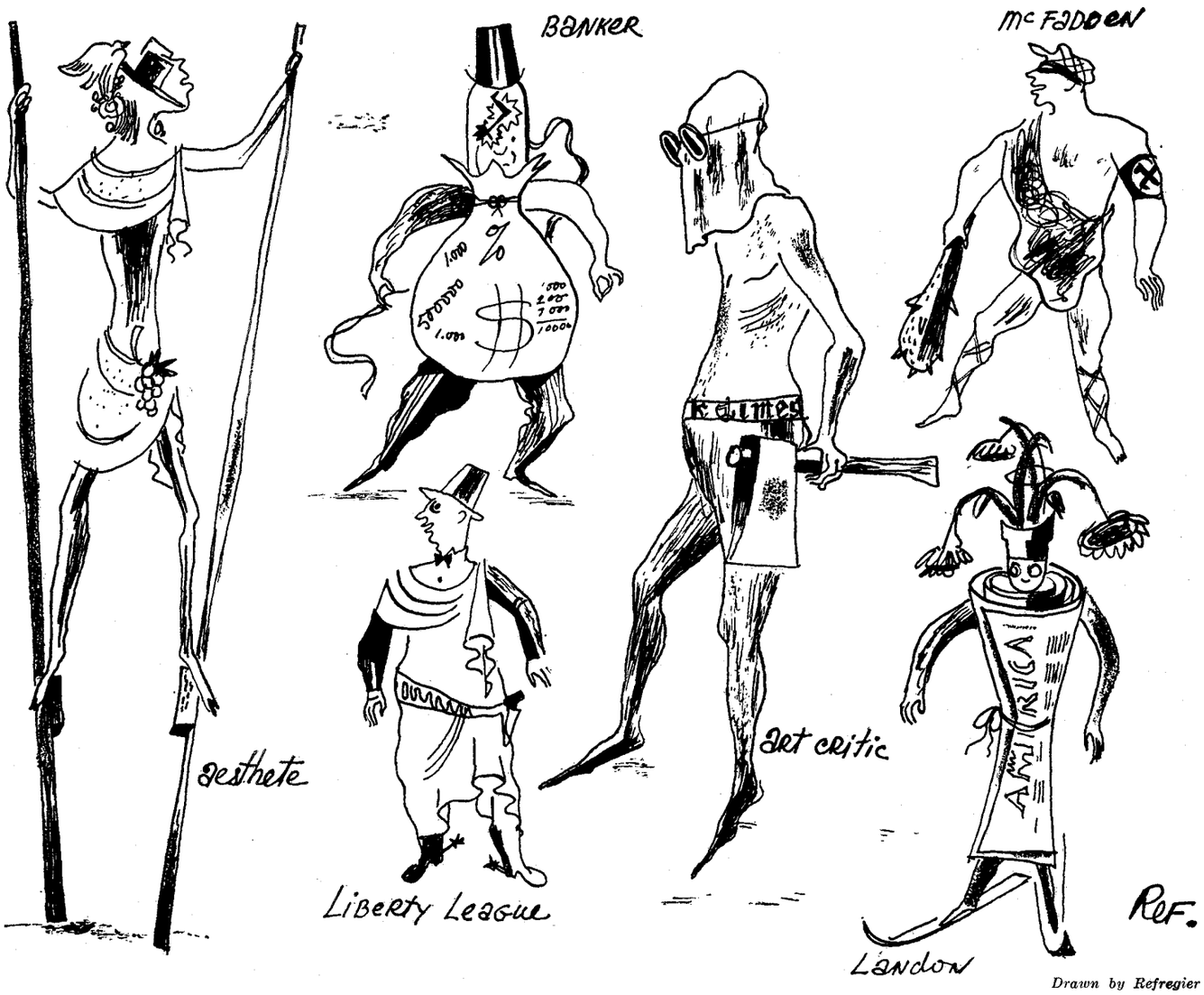

Drawn by Refregier

Your Costume for Dec. 4

DON'T WORRY if you can't dig up any 1911 button shoes or pegtop pants for the New Masses Ball. Or if your Merry Widow sailor has long since gone with the wind. There above, Anton Refregier, well-known costume designer, shows you how to turn politics to purpose, in a group of costumes designed especially for New Masses—and you.

Trip in on stilts, with bird in hair. Wrap your muscles in a leopard skin and come as apache MacFadden. Borrow an inflated money bag from your banker, if you have one. Come in pompadour, or pinafore, or even soup and fish. But come, by all means, in some form, to this biggest, gayest, brightest costume ball of all.

Continuous dancing until 3 a. m. Two bands. Dick Carroll and his All-Star Radio Orchestra *and* Lenny Gaynor and his Swing Sextette. Prizes for costumes. Maybe you'll get one.

Friday, December 4, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11th Street, N. Y. C.

TICKETS: $1 in advance. $1.50 at door. On sale at: New Masses, 31 E. 27th St.; Columbia Bookstore, 2960 Broadway; Rand Bookstore, 7 East 15th St.; Putnam Bookstore, 2 West 45th St.; Chelsea Bookshop, 58 West 8th St.; Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St.; Workers and Peoples Bookshops, 50 East 13th St., 140 Second Ave., 115 West 135th St., 218 E. 84th St., N. Y. C.; in the Bronx at 1001 Prospect Ave., and 2067 Jerome Ave.; in Brooklyn at 369 Sutter Ave., 61 Willoughby St., 4531 16th Ave., 6507 Bay Parkway; Brighton, 6th St. (on the Boardwalk); Sunnyside at 44-17 Queens Boulevard.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

NEW MASSES COSTUME BALL

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Highlights

of the 64-page
25th Anniversary Issue

Articles

SCOTT NEARING on the Fascist drive in Europe
SHERWOOD ANDERSON on the Masses—Old and New
UPTON SINCLAIR on the outlook for Epic
MICHAEL GOLD from Imperial Valley
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON on the crisis in the theater
THEODORE DREISER looks backward—and ahead
VINCENT SHEEAN on Mussolini and Toscanini
EARL BROWDER analyzes the Intellectuals' situation today

Stories

REX STOUT, a humorous short story
AGNES SMEDLEY, chapter from her forthcoming book on China

Poems

LANGSTON HUGHES
SARAH CLEGHORN
ALFRED KREYMBORG
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Art

GEORGE BIDDLE
MAURICE BECKER
ARNOLD BLANCHE
JACOB BURCK
ADOLPH DEHN
HUGO GELLERT
H. GLINTENKAMP
GROPPER
LOUIS LOZOWICK
JOHN MACKEY
OROZCO
GARDNER REA
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LYND WARD
ART YOUNG

Dozens of other outstanding writers and artists have contributed brilliant new material for this gala reunion issue.

Single Copies 15c

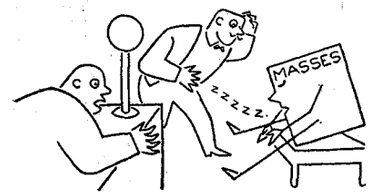
Speaking of birthdays

how old are you?

Do you remember

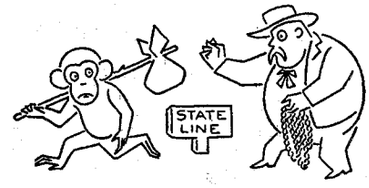
1911? The coronation of George V . . . the McNamara frame-up . . . Teddy Roosevelt's trust busting . . . U. S. troops on the Mexican border . . . the Triangle Shirtwaist fire . . . strikes of garment workers, miners, railroad men . . . the birth of the Chinese Republic? That's the year the *Masses* was born.

Do you remember



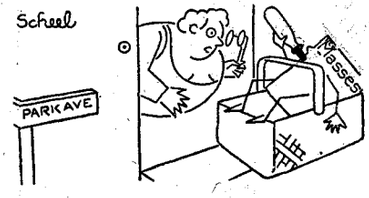
1918? Wheatless days, lightless nights . . . the Selective Draft . . . Debs' arrest . . . the influenza epidemic . . . strikes of textile workers, machinists, shipyard workers . . . the War Labor Board . . . Liberty Loans . . . the Armistice . . . prohibition . . . the suppression of the Masses? The *Liberator* was born to take its place.

Do you remember



1926? Gertrude Ederle's channel swim . . . Tunney's defeat of Dempsey . . . Byrd's North Pole flight . . . the banning of evolution in Atlanta and Mississippi . . . French and Spanish troops in Morocco . . . the visit of Queen Marie? The Monthly NEW MASSES was born in 1926.

Do you remember



1934? The Blue Eagle and the NRA . . . the Newspaper Guild winning its first strike . . . the General Strike in San Francisco . . . the birth of the Liberty League . . . the death of Dillinger . . . defaults on war debts . . . barricades in Paris and Vienna? That's the year NEW MASSES became America's revolutionary weekly.

●

We're celebrating 25 years of these three pioneer magazines with a remarkable 64-page issue, December 15. Outstanding contributors of the Masses, the Liberator, New Masses are coöperating to make this the biggest, best, brightest issue in our history. One look at that list to the left is enough to convince you this is going to be a collector's item before it is many hours old. Don't take any chances. Reserve copies for yourself and friends *today, use the coupon on page 29.*

25th Anniversary Issue

NEW MASSES

Double-size **15c** ***December 15***

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